



# THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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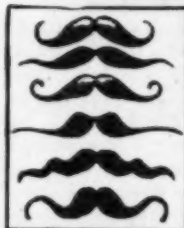
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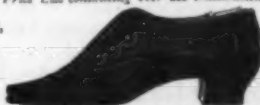
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POSTAGE

## JAMES WOLFE'S SLIGHT CARCASS.

"I HAVE this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases. I am in a very bad condition, both with gravel and rheumatism; but I would much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers."

So wrote James Wolfe in December, 1758, to his friend, William Pickson, of Salisbury. At that time General Wolfe was in command of an army of 8,000 men, which had been sent to capture Quebec. Fancy a thin, pallid young man, with a sensitive face, the temperament of a poet, and a body weakened by suffering, and you have an idea of the great Englishman who rose from a bed of illness to attack Quebec, took it, and died on the Plains of Abraham, leaving to his country a name which his deeds have made immortal.

What Wolfe cynically alluded to as his "slight carcass," had it been a healthy one, was big enough. It isn't the heavy weights who chiefly do the things that demand brains, courage and endurance. But, whether the carcass be big or small, it must be sound, if great qualities are to express themselves through it to the best advantage. French bullets were probably kind to James Wolfe that day at Quebec. Had he survived the battle, he would soon have died ingloriously of his disease.

"Fifteen years ago," says a correspondent, "I was one day attacked with great pain in my ankle. At first I thought I had sprained it in a recent accident. In a few days, however, the pain moved up to my knee, all the surrounding parts being swollen and puffed up. I could not bear to put my foot on the ground, or even let the bed sheet touch the leg. A doctor treated me two months for rheumatism. When I got a little better, he sent me to Southport for three weeks. I turned to my work again, but had great difficulty in getting about, and from time to time I had to leave work, owing to the intense pain. Later on I had excruciating pains in all my limbs, and the joints of my fingers became enlarged and grew out of shape.

"Then I consulted another doctor, who attended me through several attacks. He said my complaint was chalk gout. He gave me medicines, but said he couldn't do much for me, and that *in time the disease would kill me*. In this way I continued to suffer for many years—the first onset of the malady dating back to December, 1876. During that period I used every gout and rheumatism medicine I heard of, but nothing gave me more than temporary relief.

"In March, 1890, I had a bad attack, and was bedfast over two months, when, one night, Mr. James Ingham, of Old Trafford, called to see me. The pain was at its height, and, seeing my condition, he said he knew of something that would do me good. He went away and then came back, bringing me a few doses in a plain bottle, but refused to say what sort of stuff it was. It gave me so much relief that I sent my wife to ask him what it was. He said to her 'I will come and tell your husband all about it.' He soon came, and said it was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I told him I had often heard of it, but regarded it as a quack medicine. I sent at once to Burgon's Stores, in Oxford Street, and got a bottle, and began taking it regularly. In a short time I was out of bed and at work, and have never lost a day's work since, nor had any attack of my old enemy. (Signed) Henry R. Heyden, 28, Booth Street East, Oxford Road, Manchester."

Mr. Heyden's ailment was rheumatic gout—a common, painful and dangerous thing. The cause is a poison in the blood produced in this way: First, the stomach becomes inactive and torpid with indigestion and dyspepsia; more work is thus thrown on the liver than it is able to do; the overloaded liver fails in the manufacture of urea (the result of body waste), leaving it in the blood in the form of a solid, called uric acid. This acid—a deadly poison—unites chemically with the soda (an alkali) in the blood, forming *urate of sodium*, a hard, crystal poison. This poison goes round and round in the blood current until it is finally deposited in the muscles and joints, setting them on fire with inflammation, and inflicting fearful agony.

Continued, the disease causes chalk stones in the bladder (gravel), Bright's disease of the kidneys, and, progressively, functional affections of the heart, lungs and nervous system. All these arise from indigestion and dyspepsia, and are, properly, only symptoms of that disease—a death-dealing cause, an appalling series of results.

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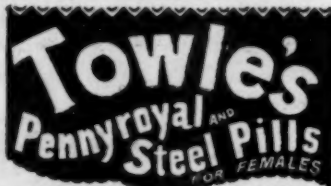
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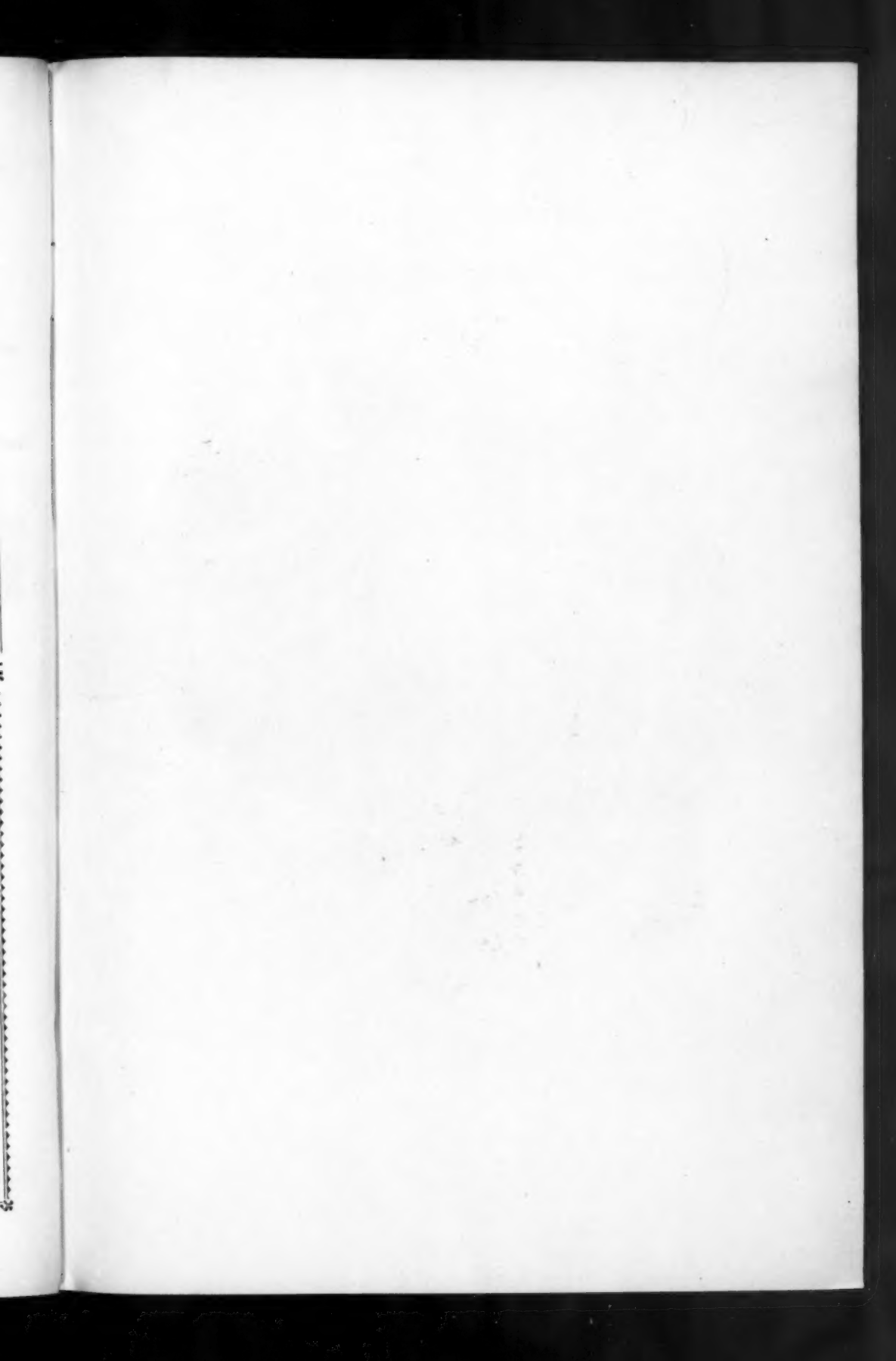
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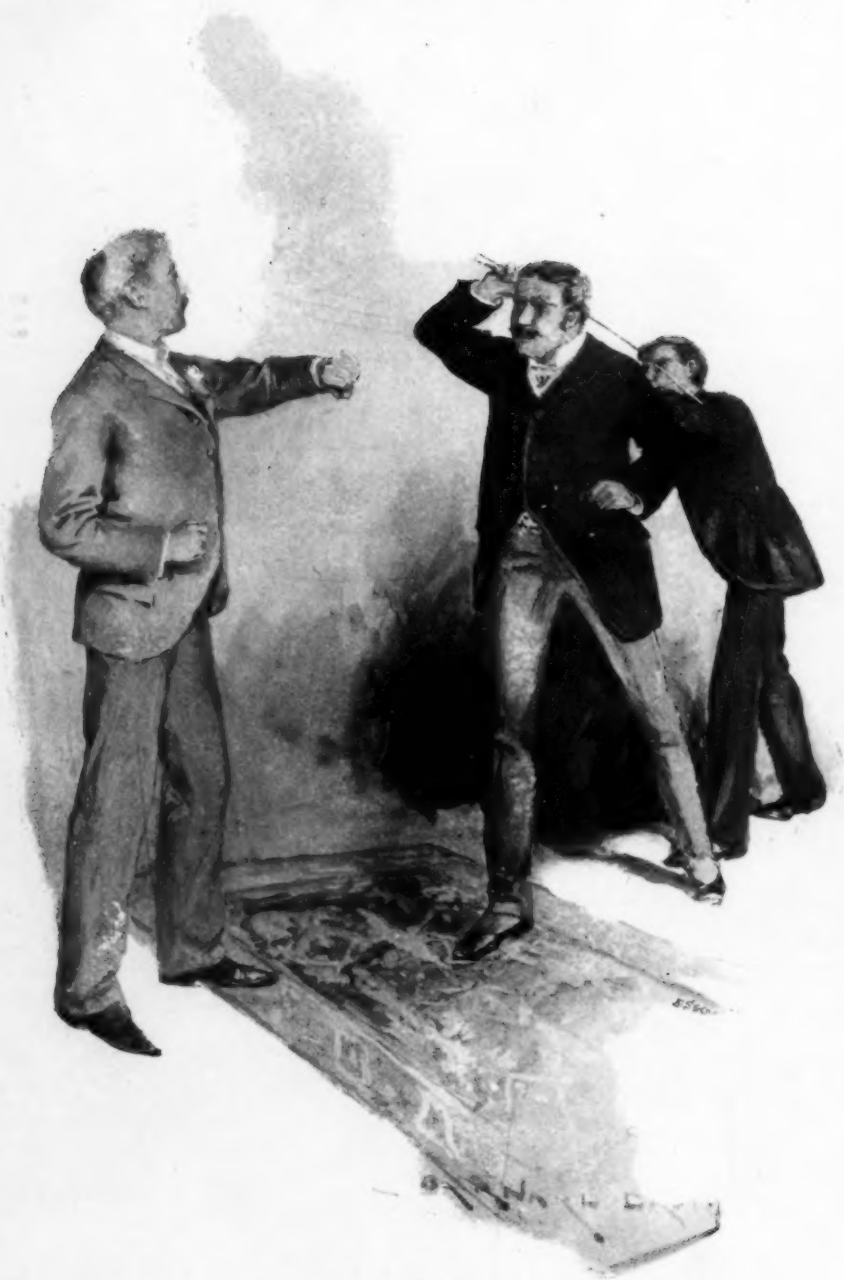
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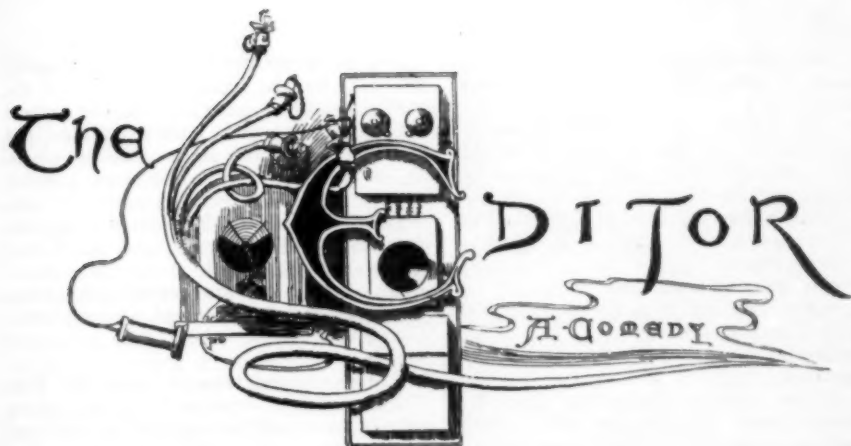
THE EDITOR.  
RAISED HIS WHIP TO STRIKE.

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# The EDITOR

A COMEDY



By JOSEPH HATTON.

## CHAPTER I.

### WITH A HORSEWHIP.

"IT really seems as if the very devil got among one's papers!" said Mr. Sibley Heath, as he rummaged the editorial table for a manuscript which was not there. "I begin to believe there are unseen fiends who have a mission to worry over-worked sub-editors. You put a thing down right under your nose, you turn round to speak to someone, and, by Jove, it's gone as clean as if it had never existed. And then just as suddenly it turns up in some place where you never put it nor ever thought of putting it. Ah! here it is."

Mr. Sibley Heath sat down at that end of the table which he shared with his chief, and glanced at the latest editorial attack on the Stock Exchange, *apropos* of certain Joint Stock Companies recently floated and others to be brought before the public. He was a pale, anxious, intellectual looking young fellow, dressed in black, and with his shirt cuffs carefully turned over his coat sleeves, that they might not annex the smuts of the office on the side that was seen when the work of the day or night was over.

It was a handsome, well-equipped room, furnished with a telephone, tape-telegraph, book-case, stocked with works of reference, several chairs, a large table, provided with indiarubber tubes communicating with various departments of the office, and a

pneumatic tube which brought proofs and took back copy to the reading-rooms and the printer. The parquetted floor was partially covered with Persian rugs. There were two entrances to the room, one in the right hand corner and another down by the left. One led into a corridor and thence to the street; another to a private waiting-room, where quite recently a stalwart commissioner had been stationed on guard. The waiting-room had a private staircase leading into Beaumont Street, and the editorial windows looked upon Fleet Street.

The *Sentinel* had been in existence more than a year, but had only recently, under new management, awakened to the fact that a new paper must make itself felt. The editor was Mr. Tom Chester, who had had some experience in journalism as reporter, war correspondent and editor. His uncle, Sir Anthony Dibbs, had bought the *Sentinel* to give Tom a start; and at the opening of our narrative, Tom had, as we shall see, just given his uncle a start.

"Now didn't I tell you never to come in here without knocking?" said Mr. Heath, as Bailey, the juvenile porter, rushed into the room with a card in his hand and a "beg pardon" on his lips.

"Couldn't 'elp it, please, sir; said he'd knock my 'ead orf!"

"Who?"

"'Im as b'longs to the card, sir; said I was to come up right away; and 'e's got a whip in 'is 'and, sir, like a bludgeon!"

"Mr. John Hopkins Fitz-Wallis," said Heath, reading the card. "And what does he want?"

"The editor, sir. I told 'im as he hadn't come yet, and 'e says 'Take this up to whoever's 'ere;' and I'm sorry I forgot to knock, sir!"

"Didn't you tell him that the editor does not see anyone without an appointment by letter?"

"He never give me time, sir."

"Very well, tell him to write or call again in half an hour."

"Right, sir," said Bailey as he disappeared.

"Come with a horsewhip, has he? Well, Chester certainly has been waking them up in the City—'hotbed of knavery, den of thieves' and so on—rather hot. True enough, perhaps, but what a splutter the truth makes—whenever one tells it."

Mr. Heath's soliloquy was interrupted by the telephone bell.

"Well?" he said, taking down the tube and putting it to his ear.

"What? Can't tell what you say. Yes, this is the *Sentinel*. Editorial room? yes. What? Shall you do a column of the row at the Impartial Theatre? No, don't care a button what happens at the Impartial Theatre! Good-bye!"

He hung up the tube and returned to his seat on the right hand side of the table, and went on arranging the papers for his chief: proofs, letters, manuscripts, notes of queries and memoranda of various kinds, talking all the time to himself. "It is wonderful," he said, "what a little handful of faddists can do if they are persistent. The people who don't care don't stir; they laugh at the new movement; but the handful orates, talks, holds meetings, gets interviewed, and, by Jove! before you know where you are is a power!"

"How are you, Heath?" says Mr. Tom Chester, quietly entering his room, taking off his gloves and sitting down at the head of the table. "Fine day; thought we had a good paper this morning; sorry we hadn't more of the Egyptian business."

"Yes, it is a pity; but we beat them all on the Bogus Charities; and the Smilax



"ANYTHING SPECIAL?" HE ASKED.

Mine has created a sensation they tell me."

Tom Chester was a man of thirty, looked ten years beyond his age; closely cropped, iron-grey hair, clean-shaven face, a prominent nose, searching dark eyes, heavy eye-brows, long hands, thin lips, square chin, a pleasant, cultivated voice, grey jacket and trousers, white silk neckerchief, a buttonhole of white azalea, and generally a look of authority and prosperity.

"Anything special?" he asked, as he began systematically to look over his papers, dropping a letter now and then into the waste-paper basket, that was of abnormal capacity.

"That man Fitz-Wallis has called with a horsewhip."

"Oh!" said Chester, going on with his work.

"Told Bailey he would knock his head off."

"Oh!" said Chester. "By-the-way, I hear there's been a bit of a shindy over the morning performance at the Impartial Theatre."

"Yes," said Heath, "so the Central Agency report."

"Made arrangements for it?"

"No," said Heath, and at that moment the telephone bell went off in its peremptory way, whereupon Heath gave the instrument his attention. After the usual preliminaries, he listened, and remarked to the distant and squeaky speaker, "It's too bad to worry in this way."

"What is the worry, Heath?" asks the Editor.

"The Impartial business you spoke of; they want to send us a column. I had said 'No'—suppose I had better say 'Yes'?"

"Certainly," replied Chester; "and send a man down to interview the Director."

Heath re-addressed himself to the telephone. "Yes, send a column; Mr. Chester's orders; and, by-the-way, send the manuscript so that it can be read—your flimsy takes half the office to decipher it. Right! Good-bye."

As Heath replaced the telephone tube, Chester, with a pile of manuscripts before him, remarked: "You are always down on the Central Agency, Heath."

"They are always down on us," was Heath's reply. "No *canard* too many for them to try and plant upon the *Sentinel*."

"I wish you would see the printer about the Smilax Mine report, I want an early proof."

"Yes," Heath replied, and left the room with a bundle of papers in his hand just as the leather bolt shot forth from the pneumatic tube at the editor's elbow a bundle of proofs. Chester laid the parcel aside. It was the "over-matter" of the previous day. Chester did not permit it to disturb his work of clearing up his morning's correspondence. The nature of his letters might be gathered from the scraps which he read, and the passing remarks he made as he disposed of their contents, not to mention his manner of disposing of their varied propositions and proffered contributions—"Mr. Gladstone was once no better than—" "Oh, indeed!" and the letter was torn in half and dropped into the waste-paper basket, the enormous capacity of which was suggestive of the reckless indifference of editors to voluntary contributions, rather, it must be supposed, than indicative of the barrenness of outside communications. "I can give you the heads of a social scandal implicating a Member of the Upper House." This followed the Gladstonian comment, and had in quick succession a number of wasted successors. Another letter, over which Chester paused for a moment, informed him that he was "a scoundrel, and a panderer to vice." On the other hand, the next was a tribute to his "fearless defence of the Grand Pacific Gold Shareholders, which is an honour to the press and more particularly to the *Morning Sentinel*!" Chester placed the tribute under a paper-weight; but he paid no heed to another which contained many practical suggestions "from one who has been in the business all his life, and has an infallible receipt for augmenting a paper's circulation." "You deserve to be horsewhipped for your attack on the Smilax Mine," was the text of one of the last of the miscellaneous collection, and dropping it into the limbo of brilliant thoughts and generous suggestions, Chester leaned back in his chair to laugh over a note from the North of England, in which the writer, in a bold round hand, said: "If I had thee down in Yorkshire, my lad, I'd welt thy hide for thee." A few epistles soliciting work, asking for alms, and reminding the editor that he was "one of the few fortunate pressmen, while others are starving," Chester placed in a

drawer for consideration, in company with sundry others of a personal and pathetic character.

Chester, with a stronger nerve than Thackeray, had no idea of resigning his position on sentimental grounds; no idea, indeed, of resigning on any grounds; though he stretched his legs under the table, thrust his hands into his pockets, and remarked:

"And yet everybody wants to edit a newspaper, and everybody thinks he can; even my kind-hearted, ignorant uncle, Sir Anthony, as good as said he could, only the other day. Wish he would try it! No, I don't; he'd ruin the *Sentinel* in a week, and that would never do just as we are turning the corner. And besides, it is worth any money to see Hetty go over the Society proofs and strike out the names of all the people she doesn't like. By the way, I must tell Sir Anthony about my views in regard to Hetty before the information reaches him from some outsider. Bless her heart; he can't help liking her, unless ——"

#### CHAPTER II.

##### NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

"HERE is Short's third article on 'Stock Exchange Morality,'" said Heath, looking in upon the Editor's reflections.

"Very well, give it out."

"Thought you would like to see it first."

"Oh, no; it's all right."

"Yesterday's was not!"

"I thought you cut it down and rewrote the end of it?"

"So I did."

"What was wrong about it?"

"That man, Fitz-Wallis, will tell you," said Heath. "Here's his card."

Heath took a card from the mantelshelf and laid it before his chief.

"Oh, the fellow with the horsewhip!" said Chester. "What's he like?"

"I did not see him," said Heath; "but here he comes, I should say." Heath's forecast was suggested by a noisy altercation on the stairs between the boy, Bailey, and a stranger.

Bailey entered hurriedly, as the sequel to Heath's remark, followed by a big, burly fellow in an open morning jacket that exhibited to the beholder a white waistcoat and a lavish quantity of watch chain.

"Announce me?" he exclaimed, rushing past Bailey. "I can announce myself!"

"Don't you get a-shovin' me," said Bailey angrily, squaring his little shoulders and brushing from his collar the imaginary marks of the visitor's dirty hands.

Heath looked at Chester. The Editor calmly lifted his eyes from the papers before him and surveyed the stranger, who scowled upon "the entire concern."

"Well, sir, why all this hurry?" asked Chester. Then, turning to Bailey, he said, "Boy, go and hold the gentleman's horse."

This was a delicate intimation to the visitor that Chester had not overlooked his aggressive flourishing of a silver-headed riding-whip.

"Ain't got no oss, sir," Bailey replied.

"Then hold his whip, Bailey."

The boy stepped towards Fitz-Wallis to carry out the Editor's instructions.

"Stand aside, boy," said Fitz-Wallis, stiffening his whip-arm and looking daggers at Chester. "I'm not to be trifled with, and don't you think it. Are you the editor of the *Sentinel*?"

"Yes," said Chester cutting open the pages of the newest magazine.

"Did you write this article?" asked Fitz-Wallis, producing from his coat pocket a copy of that day's *Sentinel*.

"What is it about?" asked Chester with tantalising coolness.

"The Smilax Mine, sir," was the reply.

"I did not write it," said Chester; "couldn't write anything half as clever."

"The same old game!" was the withering reply, as Fitz-Wallis flung the journal, which he had rolled up into a paper bâton, upon the floor, with the tragic air of a mimic Burke repeating an old sensation in the House of Commons. "Challenged with the offence, nobody has written the scandalous thing—nobody is responsible for it!"

"I am not clever enough to have written the article, but I am responsible for it," said Chester, leaning back in his chair and looking Fitz-Wallis straight in the face for the first time.

"You are! You admit that!" exclaimed Fitz-Wallis.

"Oh, yes," said Chester. "And what is the matter with the article?"

"Matter with it, sir!" said Fitz-Wallis, buttoning his tight jacket over his somewhat protuberant figure, as far as the



fashionable riding-jacket of the day would admit of it; "the matter!" Why, it says that I am a thief! yes, sir, damn it—a thief!"

"If the *Sentinel* says you are a thief, sir, it is my business to maintain that statement until you have given public proof to the contrary," said Chester, rising from his seat, prepared to meet the threatened attack, and fearful lest he should be overthrown by the mere weight of his bulky antagonist.

"Oh, that's your tone, is it?"

"I fear so."

"You don't explain—you don't apologise?"

"I am afraid not," said Chester.

Thereupon, with a sudden advance upon the Editor, the Smilax Mine promoter raised his whip to strike, but had no sooner lifted his arm than Heath, with the dexterity of a swordsman and pugilist combined, disarmed him and twisted his fingers in the collar of the foe "in the twinkling of a bed-post, I believe," as a certain new recruit in the *Sentinel* office described to a comrade the rapidity of Heath's action.

"Thank you, Heath," said Chester, taking the whip from Heath and handing it to Bailey, as Heath released Fitz-Wallis, who was now as grey in the face as his tightly-fitting breeches.

"Hang it in the library museum," said Chester, referring to the whip, "with the knuckle-dusters and revolvers."

"Yes, sir," Bailey answered with a serious air of importance; and he left the room with a glance of triumph at Fitz-Wallis, who was fuming and grumbling and straightening his collar and re-tying his cravat.

These arrangements being completed, he remarked to no one in particular, "Oh, very well, I shall take other steps."

"Take these," said Heath, opening the door that led to the waiting-room, and thence to Beaumont Street, "they are the nearest."

As Heath opened the door, a stalwart commissioner with a couple of medals on his breast entered and stood by the door at attention.

"Show this gentleman the nearest way to the street, if you please, Sergeant O'Keefe."

"This way, av ye plase," said O'Keefe, addressing Fitz-Wallis.

"Be civil to the gentleman, O'Keefe," said Heath.

"I will, sorr," was the Sergeant's reply, standing aside to permit the visitor to go before him.

"You shall hear from my solicitors," said Fitz-Wallis as he disappeared.

"I fear the article was a little too strong," said Chester, when editor and sub-editor were once more alone. "It is easy enough to imply that a man is not exactly honest and his scheme not quite likely to win public confidence, and thus kill both the promoter and the swindling enterprise, without saying in Short's stiff, inflexible way that a man is a thief and a thing is a swindle."

"I agree with you, certainly; but, if you remember, you said an action for libel would be good for the *Sentinel* in such a case as that of the Smilax Mine."

"Quite right, Heath; and we are not going to knuckle under to swagger and horsewhips. By Jove, old chap, you did capture the fellow's stick splendidly! Perhaps you had better go and revise the article for to-morrow's paper, or we may have more whips in the morning than you can handle at one time."

"All right," said Heath, smiling in his apologetic way. He never smiled without seeming to beg your pardon, not on the score of undue levity, but for the reason that it seemed out of place on the *Sentinel*. Not that Heath was a misanthrope. On the contrary, he was a bit of a wag, but it was all in a serious way. He probably often laughed in his sleeve; but if you caught him laughing anywhere else, he would look at you with a solemn expression of apology and regret.

"By the way, you have placed a new man on the staff?" said Chester.

"The commissioner, O'Keefe," said Heath. "Yes; since you have been going with extra enthusiasm for the City, not to mention social morality, I thought O'Keefe might be handy, if not useful, to have in the waiting-room."

"A fine-looking chap," said Chester laughing.

"He has served his time to the public service, since he left the Dragoons, as what they call a chucker-out with the Salvation Army," was Heath's reply. "And now I will go and revise Short's article."

"Thank you," said Chester, as Heath left the room, and the bell of the telephone in its peremptory way demanded the editorial attention.

## CHAPTER III.

## BY SPECIAL MESSENGER.

"THE next person who gets into my room without an appointment deprives you of yours, do you hear, Mr. Bailey?"

"Yes, sir," Bailey answered. "Couldn't 'elp it, sir; I allers tells 'em the editor ain't in, but he'd been 'anging about a hour or two and got ahead of me on the stairs."

Apart from his cockney dialect, Bailey was quite an educated little fellow of five and twenty; looked sixteen; felt like forty. A round, apple-faced lad who might have lived all his life in a rural parish, instead of being reared in the East-end and beginning his career of reading and writing in a Board School. He was dressed in a grey tweed suit, and wore in his necktie the colour of the *Sentinel's* political party, which was true blue. The editorial staff had made quite a pet of the porter, as they called Bailey, who made a continual endeavour to redeem his juvenile appearance by the assumption of the manners of middle age. He had tried certain patent preparations for producing a lavish hirsute growth on the most naked face, which had been advertised in the *Sentinel*, but without success; Bailey's countenance, after six months' careful observance of the instructions, had remained just as smooth and rubicund as before.

"Don't let it occur again," the Editor said in reply to Bailey's excuses for the admission of the irate Fitz-Wallis to the editorial room.

"No, sir; all I could 'a done, sir, was to knock 'im down, sir, and he might 'ave 'ad me up, and I didn't want to create no disturbance, sir."

"That's all right, Bailey," said Chester, smiling at the serious expression the porter had forced into his genial countenance.

"And 'ere's a letter for you, sir, by special messenger from the Gresham Club, sir, and waitin' for a hanswer."

Chester looked at Bailey as he ran his paper-knife through the envelope, repeating the words "waiting for an answer," thinking at the same time it was very unusual for his uncle, Sir Anthony Dibbs, to write from his club, and especially at that early hour of the day. He opened the letter and glanced at the contents, his face flushing as he read, his usual composure

ruffled under Sir Anthony's peremptory and angry words.

"There is no answer, Bailey," he said. "And now, mind this; I am out to everybody except Sir Anthony Dibbs."

"And if Miss Hetty Phillips calls, sir?"

"Oh, well, if she calls and Sir Anthony Dibbs is not here, show the lady up."

"Right, sir—never see Sir Anthony as I knows of—suppose he calls and won't give his name? Some gents is like that, sir."

"But this 'gent' will give his name, Bailey."

"Right, sir; thank'ee, sir!" said the boy.

"Too devilish proud of his twopenny-halfpenny title not to shout it loud enough for half Fleet Street to hear him," said Chester to himself when he was alone. "Confound him!" Then he looked at the letter once more without reading it word for word, and summarised its contents in a few jerkysentences. "Discharge me from the editorship—let's me down easy with a year's salary—tired of my foolery—have attacked in one day his financial friend, John Hopkins Fitz-Wallis, Esquire, and his social friend, Lady Burnette—will relieve me this very day—in future means to edit the *Sentinel* himself."

Chester was interrupted for a moment by the telephone bell, to which he responded very curtly, and then blew one of his desk whistles, which, being answered, he said: "I want to see you for a minute, Heath, and bring the manuscript of the article 'Beggars on Horseback.'"

"I wonder who wrote that?" he said, as he replaced the speaking-tube. "It was a trifle hard upon Lady Burnette, but only by inference. Confound these Society reporters; they are a real trouble! It was the only column that I did not read carefully. I remember Dibbs saying not long ago that if ever he married again, Lady Burnette was the sort of woman he would like to have for a wife."

"Oh, thank you, Heath," he said, glancing at the manuscript of the social article which had disturbed Sir Anthony's mind. "And who is Miss Whaffles?"

"One of our new writers, introduced by Lady Collette de March."

"Oh," said Chester, handing the manuscript back to the sub-editor; "I fear the fat's in the fire, to quote the favourite if inelegant phrase of my uncle, Sir Anthony, but we will speak again of this before the day is over."

"Very well," said Heath as he left the room; and as he did leave it, the telephone bell made a very persistent summons, and somehow rasped Chester's nerves. As a rule he had no nerves, but Sir Anthony's letter had brought a whole bunch of them out strongly.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, as he placed the tube to his ear. "Yes, I am Chester. What! a writ for libel? Very well, my solicitors are Lewis and Lewis; they will accept service. At whose suit?" The answer did not come promptly; Chester listened impatiently. "At the suit of Bellows and Bellows? Thank you. Good day!" He rang off the connection and hung up the tube. "Bellows and Bellows *versus* the *Sentinel*," he remarked as he resumed his seat; "Good heading for an article—'Bellows to Mend!'"

The pneumatic tube shot a bolt of proofs upon the table. He unrolled the packet, flung down the carrying tube, and straightened out the printed matter without looking at it, his mind pre-occupied with the unlooked for letter from his uncle. Chester had been educated and brought up by his uncle, who, on the score of authority, had, therefore, every right to be exacting and angry with his nephew. Chester, moreover, would not follow the business of his uncle, who was a financier and foreign banker in the city; nothing would content the nephew but the life of a journalist. Sir Anthony's influence and the young man's natural ability had enabled him to satisfy his

ambition, and the *Sentinel* had been purchased by Sir Anthony for the sole purpose of giving Chester a position and enabling him to make such way with the political party whose views were represented in the columns of the *Sentinel* as to ultimately induce the wire-pullers to find Chester a seat in the House. "It is devilish unfortunate just now, and at the very moment when I was going to tell him all about Hetty, and ask his consent to our marriage, and for an increased allowance to enable me to live up to his ambition. Yes, his ambition, not mine; I want nothing better than to be left alone with the *Sentinel*, a little house on the river and chambers in town. What do I want with Parlia-



"I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, HETTY."

ment and a house in Park Lane? Well, that's out of the question now, at any rate. But, my dear uncle, if you are in earnest - and you are a very obstinate person—I will put some thorns into your seat - yes, by Jove, a happy thought!" Chester began to smile, and then to laugh aloud, and once he smacked his thigh as men do when they have hit upon some clever idea.

At this moment Bailey entered and announced, with the slightest suggestion of mystery, Miss Hetty Phillips.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### A LOVE STORY.

HETTY PHILLIPS was a bright little brunette; lived with her mother in a little house at Knightsbridge, said house having a back garden that ran down in beds of flowers to the Park. It had a summer-house, in which once a week, during the season, there were tea and strawberries, when the weather did not compel Mrs. Phillips to keep her At Home guests in the drawing-room. Hetty's mother had only a small income, but she knew how to make it go further than some ladies who had five times as much. Hetty was clever at all kinds of things, and her hair was as black as it was ample in quantity; she had eyes that danced, and lips that were eloquent of the girl's genial and kindly nature. Her laugh was as infectious as her sighs; if she was merry, as she generally was, everybody about her was merry; if she was otherwise, everybody else was otherwise. Tom Chester was desperately in love with Hetty, that is, if Tom's somewhat phlegmatic nature could be enthusiastic or desperate about anything. He was much taller than Hetty; a fair man, strong of limb, with hair turning grey, cropped close to his well-formed head. He had brown eyes, and a firm, strongly-constructed nose, square chin and a fairly generous mouth. He had made the little house at Knightsbridge lively on many occasions. They had private theatricals once a month, in which Tom Chester was inimitable as every other person in London, except himself; he was a natural mimic, and whatever part he played, was the part as it had been played before. He was Irving or Toole, Tree or Alexander in anything he played, and his burlesque was worthy of the actors whom he travestied. It

was something in connection with playing a part that should astonish his uncle, the thought of which had made him laugh in the very midst of his despair.

"Tom, you must forgive me for interrupting you," said Hetty, appearing before him in a pretty costume of grey and primrose, and with her merry little laugh that was sometimes the outcome of a mirthful nature and occasionally a mere matter of nervousness.

"I'm delighted to see you, Hetty," was the prompt reply.

"No, Tom, you really must not."

This was Hetty's answer to Tom's embrace.

"Can't help it, my dear; you look so positively bewitching this morning, and I am rather bothered."

"Bothered?" she said, the dance in her eyes pausing out of sympathy.

"Yes, want comforting," said Tom, putting his arm round the girl as he led her to a seat. "One more kiss, Hetty, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Really, Tom!" said Hetty, but with such a sweet response to the young fellow's embrace that he forgot all about Sir Anthony's letter for the moment and sat down opposite to Hetty with only one thought in his mind—the beauty and desirability of the girl to whom he was engaged.

"I like the new hats the women are wearing now—your hat, and you of all the girls in the world!" he went on; "and the high collars and short capes—and where did you get such lovely colours?"

"You said you were bothered, Tom," the girl replied, re-arranging the spray of daffodils which was part of the simple ornament of her pretty costume.

"Sunshine before storm," said Tom.

"You are my sunshine, Hetty."

"Storm! What do you mean, Tom?" Hetty's was one of those voices that seem to stir a sympathetic pulse in one, like sweet music. Yet there was just the suspicion of a lisp in her enunciation, like the suggestion of the reed in an instrument you play upon.

"An editor's room, Hetty," said Tom, "is the cauldron where storms are brewing all the time—put in this, put in that, as they say in the Witches' Scene, you know—but what has the good fairy to do with the gloom of the blasted heath?"

"Oh, Tom, don't swear!" exclaimed Hetty.

"I swear I love you to-day more than ever. Love is the poor man's consolation; and how far beyond riches it is!"

"What is the matter with you, Tom?" Hetty asked, her bright eyes once more still, her lips with a pout on them that might have tempted a saint, and Tom was not a saint, only an editor. But let us pass this over; it becomes rather tantalising, not to say monotonous, when you are called upon to witness a delicious kind of osculation in which you have no share, and not much interest.

"The point is this, Hetty. What is your mission to the *Sentinel*, beyond assuaging the storm with the sunshine of your pretty face?"

"Well, then, if my business is to come first, mamma says that an introduction from you to Puddle and Stacks will make such a difference in the price of—well, the trousseau."

"My darling!" said Chester, taking up his pen and beginning to write. "It does my heart good to find you so practical. And ask your mother while she is there to get a few facts about the royal wedding dress for the *Sentinel*; I am still the editor of the paper, and it is my duty to watch over its interests."

He had been writing while he was talking, and Hetty had gone to the window to hide her blushes. It was a bright spring day. Fleet Street was alive with omnibus, cab and carriage, and streaming with men going to and fro, the crowd from which Mr. Bright undertook to collect at random, passing through Temple Bar, legislators quite as capable of the work of government as any elected House of Commons.

"So glad you don't mind," said Hetty, who had not heard the Editor's last remark. "Mamma said you would not."

"Mind!" said Chester, folding up the introduction to Puddle and Stacks and addressing it; "I like it, and never more so than at this moment, when it seems to be especially appropriate to our fortunes. Besides, the great thing to-day is to be practical, realistic, unromantic; to get a discount off everything you buy, and never pay for anything you can beg; to call a spade a spade—I have been called much worse than that this morning."

"You, Tom? What has anyone dared to call you that you are not?"

"An idiot, Hetty; not to say a fool."

"Oh, Tom!"

"It is a fact, my dear. Here it is, written down in black and white."

"And who has written it?" Hetty asked, her eyes flashing forth her indignation.

"My friend and patron, my banker, my landlord, my financial agent—Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!"

"Tom, you are joking!"

"Now, sit down again, and bring all your up-to-date woman's self-reliance and fearless intellectuality to bear upon the situation."

"I am sure you are joking," said Hetty, rearranging her daffodils and sitting down once more near the Editor, whose manner struck her as strange and unusual.

"I am very serious. Now give me your attention."

"I will," said Hetty, sitting stiffly in her chair and fixing her eyes upon the Editor.

"I am going to ask you one or two questions."

"I am ready."

"When are we to be married?"

"On the 25th of next month."

"Upon whom do I chiefly rely for an income?"

"Upon your uncle, Sir Anthony Dibbs, I believe."

"And what is my financial and social hope in life—outside Knightsbridge and you?"

"The *Morning Sentinel*."

"Good!" said Chester, pressing her gloved hand to his lips. "Well and firmly answered; go up one—I mean, listen to this."

He took from his desk the letter from the Gresham Club and began to read it. "'Dear young idiot.' That is how my uncle begins the letter I have just received."

"He is in fun," said Hetty.

"Of course he is—listen to his humour, it is enough to make one die of laughing: 'You are dismissed from the *Sentinel*!'"

"Oh, Tom!" said Hetty.

"I am tired of your foolery," continued Tom, reading from the letter. "Funny, is it not?"

"I don't know," replied Hetty, with downcast eyes, and no longer sitting up stiffly and defiant.

"Oh yes, it's funny, decidedly funny!" said Chester. "Listen: 'Yesterday, you called my friend, Fitz-Wallis, a thief, and have thus ruined the prospects of the Smilax Mine, in which I am largely inter-



ested; to-day, you sneer at Lady Burnette, whose youngest daughter I had intended for your wife."

"Oh, how dare he say such a thing!" exclaimed Hetty, once more sitting upright, an expression of indignation lighting up her dark eyes.

"Only his fun!" said Chester, with a snap of bitterness in the delivery of his words. "Only his fun. As if I was his goods and chattels, his Smilax Mine as well as his Editor. But that is not half so funny as what follows. You are a bright, clever girl, and I have kept nothing from you; that is how a bright, clever girl, who is to be one's wife, should be treated."

"Certainly, Tom. I am to share your joys as well as your disappointments."

"My darling!" said Tom. "Now be prepared for the next bit of fun. Cheer up, love; I'll put it all right somehow—there are other papers in London besides the *Sentinel*, thank goodness! But listen to this: 'I mean to edit the *Sentinel* my self; all rubbish about the difficulties of editing a paper—just so much cheap side, the mystery of not being able to see the editor—more trouble to see an editor than it is to see the Prime Minister. Don't tell me, I know what I am talking—I mean, writing—about; anyhow. I have done with you—I shall take a vacation from the bank.' They call all their miserable financial offices banks; nowadays," remarked Tom, as he glanced at Hetty's face, that was none the less charming even with a shade of disappointment upon it. "'By the time you get

this you may begin to expect me; be prepared to hand over everything to me, and you can go for a trip somewhere, and try and pick up a bit of sense.'"

"How dare he write such a letter to you?" said Hetty.

"I don't wish to be unkind," continued Tom, still reading the offensive letter, "'shall give you a cheque for a year's salary in lieu of formal and legal notice. I am sick and tired of your foolery, and business is business.' Whenever a man is going to do a mean thing," said Chester, as he folded up the letter and endorsed it "My Notice to Quit," "he prefaces it with the remark 'Business is business.' Now, Hetty, we must cap that mean saying with another old saw, 'Love laughs at uncles,' and we will show our City knight and inconsiderate relative that they don't know everything in Threadneedle Street."

"How much is a year's salary, Tom?" asked Hetty.

"A thousand pounds," said Chester.

"That is a good deal of money to have all at once."

"It is, Hetty; but to be called an idiot and dismissed!"

"It is wonderful," said Hetty, not appearing to hear what her lover was saying, "very wonderful to think what you could buy with a thousand pounds."

#### CHAPTER V. EVERY MAN HIS OWN EDITOR.

"E's at the door, sir," said Bailey, entering hurriedly. "A puffy gent, red hair and a gold watch-chain and seals. O'Keefe knowed 'im. Shall I show 'im up, sir?"



"OH, THERE YOU ARE."

"Yes," said Chester. "By easy stages, Bailey—not in a hurry."

"Right, sir," said Bailey, beaming, and striding to the door with dignified deliberation.

"Come this way, Hetty," said Chester, putting his arm round his fiancée and leading her to the waiting-room. "The door at the bottom of the stairs leads into Beaumont Street; go round to the front. Bailey will call you a cab. Go straight home; I will join you as soon as I have strengthened my banking account with Sir Anthony's cheque of dismissal, and then we will discuss an idea I have for checkmating the gentleman who thinks that any fool can edit a newspaper."

As Hetty disappeared and Chester returned to his desk, the voice of Sir Anthony Dibbs was heard on the threshold of the editorial room.

"Oh, yes, the Editor will see Sir Anthony Dibbs, my boy—I rather think he will! Is this the room?"

"Yessir," said Bailey, leading the way and bowing Sir Anthony in and himself out with more than customary state.

"Oh, there you are!" said the puffy gentleman, a short, round, good-natured but pompous man of five-and-fifty; red hair, red whiskers, red in a general way, indeed, as to complexion and fixings, even freckled; well dressed, open frock coat, light waistcoat, flap trousers, with a bunch of seals on the thigh; grey kid gloves and a silk hat, with a band in memory of the most recent death of note—Sir Anthony always paid scrupulous respect to aristocratic deaths.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, in an uneducated but not disagreeable voice. "There you are!"

"And there *you* are, sir!" Chester replied, pointing to the editorial chair.

"Oh, you don't mind giving it up, eh?"

"Mind! my dear uncle?" said Chester sneeringly and with a supercilious air.

"Don't call me dear uncle!" said Sir Anthony, his face flushing a deeper red than usual.

"Very well, dear friend," said Chester, stroking his light moustache and curling his short lip; "or not dear at all, simply sir, whichever you please."

"Oh, yes, try and make me lose my temper with your damned haughty ways! but you wont, sir; I can be just as cool as you can, and I can sneer if I like, and swear too!"

"I know it," said Chester, pulling down his waistcoat and looking at his polished boots.

"Oh, you do, you fop!" said Sir Anthony.

"Fop? Oh, Sir Anthony, you flatter me!" said Chester.

"Do I?" said Sir Anthony; "you don't return the compliment; and so this is what you call your editorial chair, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I was about to remark that you don't mind giving it up, when you stopped me with your waistcoat, and your boots, and your moustache."

"And I was about to observe that I am delighted to be relieved, when you did me the honour to call me a fop."

"Oh, indeed! Go on, sir, try to rile me; I tell you you will not! This is business, not sentiment; business, do you hear; business!"

Sir Anthony's watch seals seemed to repeat the remark, they chattered so, as he sat down.

"Delighted to be relieved of a thorny seat, I suppose?" Sir Anthony went on; "beset with anxieties, I know; I've heard all that kind of doocid stoopid nonsense before. It's a tale for the Marines, as the saying is—I know all about it."

"You will hear a good many tales for the Marines before you have sat there long."

"I can hear nothing so idiotic, anyhow, as your attack on the Smilax Mine, but let me tell you, Mr. Thomas Chester——"

"Tom, sir, if you please."

"Thomas Chester pleases me."

"Oh, very well," said Chester. "You have called me an idiot, so I suppose I ought not to mind being called Thomas, though my name is Tom."

"It is not Tom, sir, it is Thomas. I ought to know, I was at your confounded christening."

"Sorry I had to be there," said Chester; "wasn't my fault."

"That may be, but the Smilax business is your fault."

"How did I know you were connected with the swindle?"

"Swindle! How dare you associate my name with the word swindle!"

"I have not, sir. It is your friend Mr. Hopkins John or John Hopkins Thomson Fitz-Wallis, or whatever the creature's name is, who has done that for you."

"Oh, he has, has he? I am the best

judge of that. But I tell you you have had a narrow escape; he had a great mind to horsewhip you."

"Had he?"

"Yes, he had; and he would have done it, if I hadn't told him you are my nephew."

"Really? When did you see him last?"

"Met him just now, sir, on the way to his lawyer; changed his mind. Good job for you, I can tell you; he stands no nonsense."

"Nor anything else, I should say," remarked Chester, twirling his moustache and once more pulling his waistcoat down.

"Dash it! you'll fidget me to death!" exclaimed Sir Anthony. "Of course that makes you happy. I wish he had horse-whipped you—served you doocid well right."

In his anger, Sir Anthony had risen and was walking the room, when he suddenly paused before the electric tape, the name of some particular stock catching his eye as the tape suddenly began to tick. He picked up the automatic message and glancing at it for a moment, exclaimed, "What? Twenty and a third! How the deuce can that be?" Then turning to Chester, he said, looking towards the telephone, "Put me on to 2456."

Chester rang up the central station, obtained connection with 2456, and handed the speaking tube to Sir Anthony.

"Hello!" shouted Sir Anthony. "I'm Sir Anthony Dibbs. Yes. What? Are you Jaffers? Very well. Sell five hundred 'Pacific Slope A's,' twenty and a third. Yes. Sell a thousand 'Unifeds' at the current quotation. See chairman, Smilax, say I will underwrite twenty thousand. Right. Good-bye."

Then replacing the telephone tube, he remarked angrily to Chester, "Since you've been a goin' at the City you've made a pretty hash of things, the fat's in the fire, I can tell you; the Smilax Mine is ruined."

"How can that be?" asked Chester; "the ore is still there; the hundred thousand tons at the bank are still waiting to be crushed to pay a first dividend of twenty per cent."

"Nearly every application for shares withdrawn last night and this morning, and in every case the directors are referred to the criticism and disclosures in the *Sentinel*."

"That is good for the *Sentinel*," said Chester coolly.

"Oh, that's your spirit, is it? After destroying a scheme that has cost me twenty thousand pounds, and the failure of which will land Fitz-Wallis in the Bankruptcy Court."

"He'll be quite at home there, if all I hear is correct."

"Oh, indeed, and where will you be, if all I hear is correct, when my doors are closed against you?"

"Oh, I shall get into some nice clean workhouse, I dare say."

"I dare say; and you'd be attacking the authorities, no doubt, whatever kind of workhouse you got into; it would be like your gratitude, that would."

"Glad you have such a high opinion of me," said Chester. "Do you object to a cigar?"

"Yes, I do. I never smoke in business hours; editors do, no doubt, do everything but attend to their business; but, oh, don't they talk about it. Look here, Tom Chester!"

Sir Anthony rose, thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets and paced the room. "I can never forgive you for the *Sentinel's* rudeness to Lady Burnette; money is one thing, respect and esteem and all that is another. There is not a pleasanter lady in the highest circles than Lady Burnette, not a more charming daughter than Diana Wilhelmina, and you might have had a chance in that direction, who knows? But that's all over. I call it scandalous for a public print to go and say that Lady Burnette opens her doors in Mayfair to money-bags from the City and wind-bags from Westminster. I suppose I am a money-bag, eh?"

"Lady Burnette no doubt thinks so."

"Oh, she does, does she? Let me tell you, sir, that Lady Burnette has a very different opinion of me, and that I have the highest, the greatest opinion of that much admired lady, sir; but there, I will not argue with you. Confound you, be off and find your nice clean workhouse, and be hanged to you. You always try to put me out; you always had the infernal impudence to look down upon me, sir; you forget that what little you know was bought at my expense."

"I forget nothing, sir. I acknowledge your kindness, but I say I have done everything in my power to be worthy of it; but I will not be called an idiot and a

fool. And you can take your confounded old paper and hang it round your neck, and plunge with it into the fashionable sea of Mayfair and take Lady Burnette with you."

"Oh, oh! who's losing his temper now, I would like to know?" chuckled Sir Anthony.

"Oh, stuff! let us bring this interview to an end," said Chester, who chafed at being reminded of his indebtedness to his uncle.

"Very well," said Sir Anthony, sitting squarely in the editorial chair.

"You said you would give me a cheque for a year's salary; give it me and let me go—I am ready."

"It is customary," said Sir Anthony, taking a cheque-book from his pocket, removing his gloves and showing a pair of white hands, each decorated with a flashing diamond; "it is customary in political life for the outgoing minister to hand over his portfolio and papers."

"This is not political life; it is trumpery newspaper life. I have no portfolio, but there's a portmanteau of manuscripts in the next room, and I make you free of this desk and drawers and their belongings, and much good may they do you."



"WHAT'S THAT."

"Thank you," said Sir Anthony, assuming a very firm, business air.

"And I will introduce you to my sub-editor and any other member of the staff whom you may desire to see;

you already know the cashier, I believe."

"You might have spared me that stab; it would have been discreet, too, seeing that I have not yet given you that cheque. Your trumpery news-

paper life, as you call it——"

"As you call it," interrupted Chester.

"They were your words."

"The words represented your opinion."

"Not exactly; but I will not argue. The *Sentinel*

has not been all beer and skittles in the cashier's department, I can tell you—cost me fifteen thousand pounds up to now."

"A bagatelle," said Chester; "and the paper just beginning to pay!"

"Pay who?" asked Sir Anthony.

"Pay whom? But, as you say, it is not worth while to argue about it," Chester replied, evading the question. "Let us get on with the business in hand. This," taking

up one of the indiarubber tubes from the table, "communicates with the sub-editor's room; this," taking up another, "with the printer; this," taking up a third, "with the manager; this," taking up a fourth, "with the porter. And this," taking from the box a roll of proofs, "is the pneumatic tube that carries proofs and copy to and fro."

While he was speaking and Sir Anthony was stooping to look at the tube, a bundle of proofs was shot into his face. At any other time, he would have laughed, and Chester would have roared; but Sir Anthony only said "Bless me, what's that?" and started back; while Chester went on with his explanations.

"I will call the sub-editor," he said, whistling into the first tube and, on being answered, saying, "Mr. Heath, I want to see you, please."

"Suppose he does most of the work, eh?" said Sir Anthony, with a spice of bitterness in his manner. "Generally some poor devil in a back-room does; call them ghosts in paint-shops and sculptors' studios, sub-editors in newspapers, I suppose?"

"And what in banks?" asked Chester; "or say in financial offices? Not Fitz-Wallises, I fancy."

"There's your cheque," said Sir Anthony, "and you will see that it is in full of all demands."

"Thank you," said Chester, folding up the document and putting it into his pocket; "I don't propose to make any further demands, but I shall not leave the country."

"That's as you please."

"You wanted to see me," said Mr. Heath, who had been standing a minute or two by the table without being noticed.

"Yes," said Chester. "Mr. Heath, I want to present you to my successor, Sir Anthony Dibbs, who, in future, will be your chief, and I hope you will be as faithful to the best interests of the *Sentinel* under Sir Anthony as you have been with me," taking his hand cordially. "Good-bye, Heath, and good morning, Sir Anthony."

Without another word, Chester took up his hat and cane and stalked out of the room.

"Now I call that a dooced 'aughty way to go off in, dooced 'aughty! What do you say, Mr. —"

"Sibley Heath, sir," said Heath, dust-

ing his turned-up cuffs with a silk pocket-handkerchief.

"Very well," said Sir Anthony, ruffled at Heath's manner. "Hampstead Heath, if you like."

"No, thank you; Sibley Heath will do," said Heath.

"Glad anything will do here; hope you are not going to be as 'aughty as my fool of a nephew."

"I did not know that you had a fool of a nephew," said Heath, with irritating calmness.

Sir Anthony's reply was interrupted by a very aggressive summons from the telephone.

"Shall I?" said Heath, glancing at the instrument.

"You shall," said Sir Anthony, glancing at Heath.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### SIR ANTHONY AT WORK.

"EH? What?" said Heath, speaking into the telephone. "Yes, I am the *Sentinel*. What is it?"

Then he listened for a few moments, and turned to Sir Anthony with the information, "Wants to know if Mr. Chester has resigned the editorship."

"Who wants to know?" asked Sir Anthony, bustling.

"Central News."

"No business of theirs."

"Shall I tell them so?"

"Yes, and be hanged to them!"

"By all means," said Heath, as he re-addressed himself to the instrument. "No business of yours, and be hanged to you!" A pause. "What? Yes; that's my answer. You'll see about it? Very well; good-bye."

"Infelicitous impudence," said Sir Anthony, watching Heath as the sub-editor hung up the communicator. "Is there no privacy left in life? Want a copy of my letter to Chester next?"

"No doubt."

"Then tell them to go to the dooce."

"The Agency will publish it all the same, with a facsimile of your cheque, I dare say."

"Will they? I'll sue them for libel."

Following a sharp knock on the door, Bailey entered and stood at attention.

"Well?"

"Gentleman from Pellatt and Pellatt."

"Very well; show him up."



Bailey disappeared, to reappear at once, preceding a smart-looking young man with an official air.

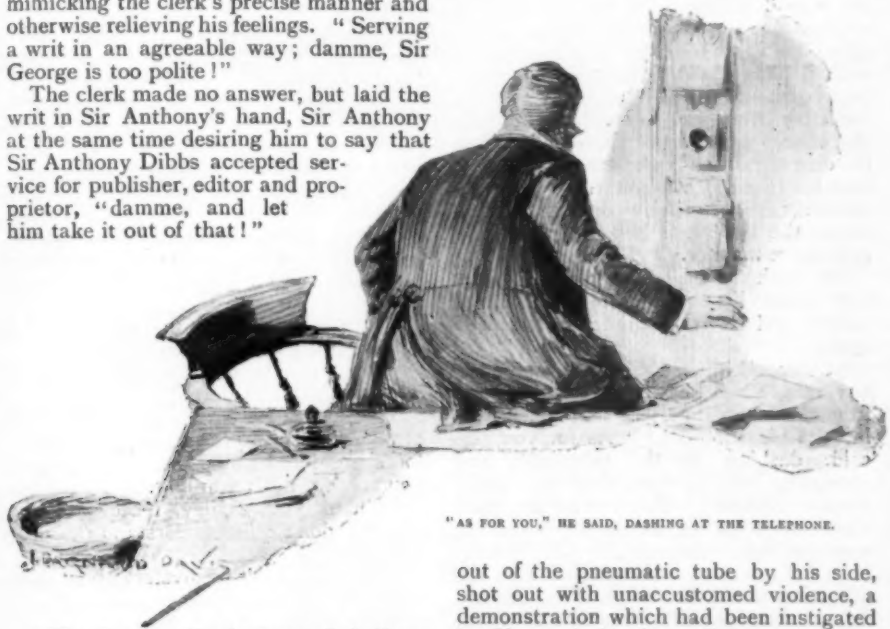
"I am here," said the stranger, with a bow that comprehended all concerned; "to serve the publisher of the *Sentinel* with a writ for libel at the suit of Bellows and Bellows; but our senior, Sir George Pellatt, requested me to see the editor and say there is no desire to conduct the business in any other than an agreeable way."

"Very well, sir," replied Sir Anthony; "I will accept service for the publisher."

"You, Sir Anthony?"

"Me, Sir Anthony!" replied the knight, mimicking the clerk's precise manner and otherwise relieving his feelings. "Serving a writ in an agreeable way; damme, Sir George is too polite!"

The clerk made no answer, but laid the writ in Sir Anthony's hand, Sir Anthony at the same time desiring him to say that Sir Anthony Dibbs accepted service for publisher, editor and proprietor, "damme, and let him take it out of that!"



"AS FOR YOU," HE SAID, DASHING AT THE TELEPHONE.

"Thank you, Sir Anthony, I shall say so," the clerk replies; "good day, sir," and thereupon runs against Bailey, who ejaculates "Now, stupid!" and makes no answer to the question "Who are you calling stupid?" as he shows the emissary of the law into the hall of the *Sentinel* and thence to the street.

"I will ask you to excuse me now for a little while," says Heath; "I have to see the printer."

"Certainly," says Sir Anthony, leaning back in the editorial chair and fixing the sub with his best stockbroking stare.

"Look here, Mr. Hamp—I mean Sibley Heath, let it be understood that I see

everybody who calls, from the humblest to the highest—no confounded mystery, do you understand—no editorial sphinx business about me; plain sailing, that's my game."

"All right, Sir Anthony; I will instruct the boy, Bailey."

"Do, sir," says Sir Anthony, who, being left alone, begins to apostrophise himself. "Now, Sir Anthony, you've got to work; you've entered upon this thing, you must carry it through—hello! what the devil's that?"

"It was a bolt of printer's proofs shot

out of the pneumatic tube by his side, shot out with unaccustomed violence, a demonstration which had been instigated by Chester in his farewell interview with the printer.

"A silly business that," exclaims Sir Anthony, on recovering from his surprise and examining the machine; "like a gun going off, not to say a bomb—can't be necessary to make such a row as that."

The next moment he is reading the titles of articles in proof, and turning them over in a casual, inquiring fashion.

"'Vagaries of Society,'" he says, reading the first and commenting thereon. "If society were up to anything, they might retort with 'Vagaries of Journalism.' What's this? 'Labby on Toast,' as if he was a woodcock; stupid idea, Labby on

toast. "Collars and Cuffs," what they call a trade article, I suppose," he says, glancing down the long damp slip. "No, it's about Gladstone; more cuffs than collars, I should say, lately, poor old chap."

Then Sir Anthony bethought him of the chief reason for his taking over the *Sentinel*, an act of revenge and justice—vengeance upon his ungrateful nephew and justice to the promoters of the Smilax Mine. He must set that matter right; he would do so at once. As he squared himself to the desk, pen in hand and a multitude of thoughts in his mind, with the intention of writing an explanatory article for the *Sentinel*, the pneumatic tube once again blew out its bolt of proofs with a bang that elicited an equally explosive shout, followed by a consolatory expletive from the new editor. Before the echoes of either of them had shaken the dust out of the bookshelves the reader from the reading-room sounded his whistle, and before Sir Anthony could answer the signal, the telephone bell rang in a very aggressive manner.

Sir Anthony looked at the telephone, laid down his pen, cursed under his breath, and off went the reader's whistle again.

"Confound it," he said, "I'll stop you at any rate," and he withdrew the whistle from the tube with a jerk that nearly dislocated his shoulder. "As for you," he said, dashing at the telephone, and screaming into it, "whoever you are—Hello! *Sentinel*? Yes. Who are you? Very well; go to the devil!" and up went the connector with a crash. "Anyhow, I'll disconnect the *Sentinel* with the telephone world, that's something one can do; let them switch away as they please—and now for my Smilax article. I dare say Chester thinks I can't write a leader—conceited young fool! we'll see!"

Before he settles down to his work, however, he suddenly becomes painfully conscious of the pile of proofs that is littered around him and a heap of manuscript that Bailey has laid by his side while he has been contending with the telephone and other journalistic instruments of torture.

"What's all this?"

"Excuse me, Sir Anthony," says Bailey, "why, that's the copy as you 'as to go over with the blue pencil, sir."

"Blue pencil?"

"Yes, sir—this is it, sir," handing Sir Anthony a thick stump of lead. "Mr. Chester, sir, is noted for 'is performances with the blue pencil."

"Is he, now? And how does he perform?"

"Well, sir," says Bailey, stiffening his back and pursing up his lips, "Mr. Chester, sir, 'e jest takes a 'eap of copy like this—may I sit down, sir?"

"By all means," Sir Anthony replies, watching the *Sentinel's* sentinel, as the aged youth, having dragged a chair to the table, lays his hand upon the pile of manuscript and proceeds, with sharp, critical glances, cutting out chunks of it with blue marks that for a time quite fascinate Sir Anthony, who, however, presently says, "I think that will do."

"Oh," Bailey replies, "Mr. Chester, sir, 'e marks most of it out; goes for it reg'lar, sir; and sometimes 'e jest talks like a schoolmaster while 'e's at it, a-say-in' 'rot' and 'oh, indeed,' and 'you don't say so,' and 'pickles,' and no end of things, Mister Sibley 'Eath a-standin' by all the time and exercisin' 'isself with his 'ands behind 'im, while Mr. Chester is a-peggin' away."

"And when he has marked most of it out, what does he do then?"

"Why, chucks the rest into the waste-paper basket, like that!"

Whereupon Bailey pitches a little heap of manuscript into the editorial receptacle for slaughtered innocents. "And there you are, sir, don't you know."

"Thank you, Bailey, I see—and this tube? I don't quite understand the mystery of it."

"Oh, there ain't no mystery about that; that's the noomatic toob as communicates with the readin'-room."

"Oh, have we a readin'-room?"

"Rayther think we 'ave—two."

"Luxurious beggars!" Sir Anthony remarks to himself. "And a drawing-room as well, no doubt."

"The proofs, you see," says Bailey, with a flourish of his right arm, "comes from the reader to the editor to look over; they comes up as you 'ave seen, sir."

Bailey's dignity in the character of instructor receives a shock mentally, and in the eye, as he is too carelessly leaning over the tube.

"Not hurt, I hope?" says Sir Anthony, laughing for the first time in his thorny seat.

"No, sir, thankee: don't know wot my eye was a-doin' down there—it ain't a key-hole, don't you know. But as I was a-sayin', you see the proofs comes up, and wisy-wersa" (placing a roll for departure), "you jest pulls this, which is a bell, and away they goes with all the marks you've made on 'em, then they gets corrected, is made up, locked up, stereoed and slung on to the machine, steam's turned on and Smith's carts is tearin' down the Strand 'with the result thereof,' as Mr. Chester would say, and there you are!"

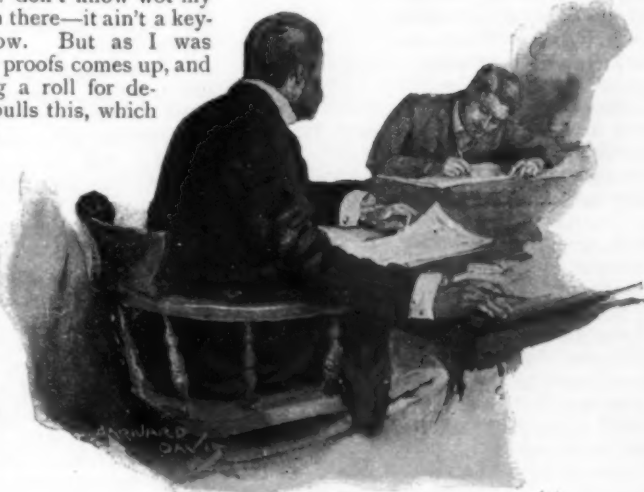
"You know all about it; you'll be an editor yourself some day?"

"Rayther be the publisher; 'e takes the money and keeps the petty cash and gives orders. This yere whistle"—taking up an indiarubber tube which Sir Anthony had as yet not noticed—"is for me, sir; and this other is for Mr. 'Eath—'e's the sub, you know, and I'm the porter—and this is for the countin' ouse. And oh, by Jove, it's time for the evenin' papers; I'll go and get 'em, sir."

"Clever boy," said Sir Anthony to himself as Bailey dashed out of the room; "taught me more in five minutes than I should learn from Mr. Hampstead Heath in a week; and not so supercilious, either—quite a friendly chap. Wonder how old he is—fifteen or fifty? But I must write that leader; wonder when it ought to be ready."

He took up his pen once more, settled himself in his seat, and began to search the ceiling for ideas.

"All knack, I've heard, writing leaders," he said. "'Interest the public right away' I know is a Chester maxim—after all, Chester's more pig-headed than foolish; then you must have a beginning, a middle and an ending. Dooed clever chap—Chester—if he wasn't such a fool! Why will he have such uppish ideas? I'm sure I didn't want to quarrel with him, ungrateful, inconsiderate beggar. Well, a beginning is the first thing."



"'E TAKES 'EM LIKE THIS."

Resolved upon this point, Sir Anthony bent over his paper and wrote: "Slander is sometimes intentional," which, as he said, was not so bad for a start. But, contemplating the written words, he became doubtful as to the spelling. "A-l or l-e—which is it, I wonder?—a-l looks odd." Then he tried e-l and e-ll, both of which, as he said to himself, "look odder than a-l," and finally concluded to let a-l stand. Thereupon he added: "and sometimes otherwise," "which ought," he remarked, "to interest the reader." "What I mean to say— No. What we mean to say," he went on—"We, the editorial We; mustn't forget that"—"What we mean to say is—"

Bailey watched him, with a broad grin on his puckered face, for some moments before he burst out with: "'Ere they are, sir—evenin' papers; such a go, sir—a dool between Labby and Randy, and soocide of the Kedivey."

"Very well; I'm busy now," said Sir Anthony.

"But Mr. Chester, sir, allus went over the evenin' papers the moment I got 'em, sir."

"How did he go over them?" asked Sir Anthony, unable to resist Bailey's intensity.

"Why, you see, sir, 'e takes 'em like this," Bailey replied, sitting down to the papers, and taking up the editorial blue pencil, "and 'e looks over 'em to see what

they've got as the *Sentinel* didn't 'ave this mornin', and 'e jest marks it, if so be as it's important. This 'ere dooel business, for instance; he'd send a reporter to interview Randy —"

"Randy?"

"Lord Randolph, you know."

"Oh, yes."

"And 'e'd wire off to Paris about the Kedivey; and Mr. 'Eath, 'e'd go down to the Forrin Orfis—you'd better blow for 'Eath, sir."

Moved by the importance of the situation, Bailey took up the rubber tube; but Sir Anthony laid his hand upon it, with a "Let it be for the present."

"If you wish it, sir; but —"

"Put it down, Bailey; I will finish my leader first."

"All right, sir," said Bailey. "Shall I get you a cup of tea? Always get Mr. Chester a cup of tea when the 'Evenin's' come in—only round the corner, sir. O'Keefe'll keep my door while I'm gone—not as it requires much keepin' now that you sees everybody which Mr. Chester wouldn't. And they makes the nicest bread and butter; it's the 'Royal' restaurant. All right, sir; it'll do you good, sir; used to do Mr. Chester a lot o' good, sir, this time o' day, when 'e was bothered with the 'Evenins'—especially when 'e was writin' a leader at the same time, sir; all right, sir."

Quite for the moment beyond the inspiration of his *Smilax* essay, Sir Anthony, as the door closed on Bailey, walked over to the tape that was busily clicking out the latest market reports.

"What!" he exclaimed, "De Beers 176 and 11/16? Transfers 3—13/16; Primitivas gone to the dooce!"

The next moment he was calling up his chief clerk and representative on 'Change.

"Hello! Yes, it's me, Sir Anthony; that you, Jaffers? Buy five hundred De Beers; sell a thousand Transfers; and what about Argentines and Uruguays? Eh, what? you don't understand? Listen then, you idiot, will you; you'll drive me mad, one and the other of you!"

Jaffers made a quick reply which irritated Sir Anthony more than the first. He flung away from the telephone and danced with rage. Then he mopped his face and bade himself be calm; and obeying his own behest as far as he was

able, took up the communicator, put it to his ear, and spoke into the receiver with deliberation.

"You there, Jaffers? Very well; listen, then." Thereupon he repeated his previous message, adding: "See North and Rothschilds. Buy Primitivas if still falling; sell Argentines—a thousand; buy two thousand Uruguays. Right!"

Then with a sigh, he leaned against the wall. "That fool, Jaffers, will ruin me if I leave things to him. Let me see, where was I? Oh, writing that leader. How the devil can a fellow write with everything and everybody worrying him! Oh, stop that infernal tape!"

But the tape went ticking on, and Sir Anthony could not resist taking up the figures. At the moment the news comforted him. The market in several things was taking the right turn for him; so he sat down once more and read what he had written: "Slander is sometimes intentional and sometimes otherwise," at which juncture Bailey once more appeared on the scene.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE LADY REPORTER.

"AIN'T 'ad time to go for the tea yet, sir. Miss Filagree Whaffles."

Whereupon there entered a showily-dressed lady, with a bowler hat, close cropped hair, and what up-to-daters call a swagger manner.

"How do? You are the editor of the *Sentinel*?"

"I ham," said Sir Anthony, putting on a superfluous h, a social crime, which, to do him justice, he rarely committed.

"Reminds me of the old joke," thought Miss Whaffles, "and a very fine ham too."

"Beg pardon, madam," said Sir Anthony.

"Not at all," replied the lady, eyeing him through an exalted pince-nez at the end of a long tortoiseshell handle. "It is becoming quite fashionable to drop an aitch or two; they do it regularly, I believe, in the House."

"Oh, indeed; then perhaps you will drop into a chair," said Sir Anthony.

"Thank you—you are funny."

"Indeed—and you?" said Sir Anthony, beginning to recover from his initial nervousness.

"Well, you see, I am a Society

reporter. It was I who sent you the article, 'Beggars on Horseback,' that appeared this morning."

"Really!" said Sir Anthony.

"Didn't I give Lady Burnette what is vulgarly called 'fits'?"

"I regret to say you did," said Sir Anthony, with all the dignity he could put into his manner and words. "I very much regret it."

"Just so," said Miss Whaffles, with a cynical smile; "knew you would; one of the smartest things I've done; but, you see, having been a constant visitor at the Burnettes' for years, I know all their little ways; my dear sir, Lady B. is a regular —"

"Permit me to say that —"

"Not at all; don't thank me—put your thanks into your cheque, my dear editor."

If Miss Whaffles had been the shrewd student of human nature she thought she was, she would have observed that Sir Anthony's rage was no mere cynical assumption, but a genuine passion.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "if you were a man, I would strike you."



"LADY BURNETTE! MY DEAR FRIEND."

"What!" exclaimed the lady.

"I would—yes, by the living Jingo, I would. Lady Burnette is my dearest friend, and you are a purveyor of garbage—yes, madam, garbage. I don't wish to lose my temper, especially with a lady, and I will not; but oblige me, madam, by quitting this room. Begone, madam, and don't let me ever see your face again—never again, madam."

Sir Anthony sat down quite overcome, and Miss Whaffles remarked "Here's a go!" as Bailey announced Lady Burnette.

"What! Can I believe my eyes?" said Miss Whaffles, with a languid air which she had often practised before her glass. "Lady Burnette! My dear friend, I have been telling this gentleman what a scandalous thing it is that a public journal should use its influence and position to blacken the fair fame of one of the most sweet and blameless of Society's leaders."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Anthony, rising to his feet.

"But editors are all alike," went on Miss Whaffles, "anything for a sensation."

"What infernal audacity!" said Sir Anthony. "Excuse my language, Lady Burnette; but this lady wrote the article which she denounces. She herself—she is the author of the scandalous thing."

"Oh, my dear sir, what are you saying? I know it is the privilege of an editor to pervert the truth, but—really —"

"This gentleman is Sir Anthony Dibbs," said Lady Burnette. "He is not the editor of the *Sentinel*. I am thankful to say."

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Sir Anthony. "I





"DON'T WEEP, DEAR LADY," SAID SIR ANTHONY.

have that misfortune; but I've only just taken my seat—wish I had never seen it."

"You, Sir Anthony—you the editor of the *Sentinel*!" said Lady Burnette, almost bursting into tears.

"You the editor!" repeated Miss Whaffles, affecting to be greatly shocked.

"Yes, madam; and let me tell you that your abominable article has cost my nephew his position."

"My article!" said Miss Whaffles, with well-affected surprise. "You persist in saying 'my article.' Oh, for shame, Sir Anthony!"

Sir Anthony raised his hands in despair and looked appealingly at Lady Burnette.

"I came here, my dear Lady Burnette," said Miss Whaffles, "to remonstrate with the editor; and instead of the editor, I find a gentleman who drops his h's and—well, I don't wish to be censorious."

"I wish you good-day, madam," said Sir Anthony, opening the door; a hint which the lady accepted, remarking, as she picked her way down the editorial stairs, "Smart bit of news for the *Tuft-hunter's Gazette*; 'Editor sacrificed on the aristocratic altar of the Burnettes.'"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### "PICKLES."

"THE hussy!" said Sir Anthony. "I deeply regret this scene, Lady Burnette."

"I had no idea that you were connected with the *Sentinel*," Lady Burnette replied, with unaffected agitation.

"Proprietor, my dear lady—owner—have spent twenty thousand pounds on it, just to give my nephew a start in life. He cares for nothing but newspapers, and one of the first things he does is to attack my dearest friends. But I have done with him. Yes, I have done him."

Lady Burnette undid the golden clasp of her shot silk mantle, for it was a hot day and she felt a trifle faint.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Sir Anthony.

"No, thank you; I shall be better presently. I am rather upset, as you can well understand."

"My dear Lady Burnette, I would not, for all that I am worth, have had this shameful thing happen."

"Thank you, Sir Anthony; you are always very kind."

"And may I ask after the health of your dear daughter, Miss Diana?"

"Oh, very poorly; she has taken to heart the libellous report in the *Sentinel*, it has quite prostrated her."

"Poor dear! I am awfully grieved. But she shall be avenged, madam; yes, she shall."

"Ah, my dear Sir Anthony, a widow's is a hard lot in life, especially living in the highest society, subject to envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. However noble your birth, whatever your fortune, neither of them lifts you into the realms of indifference."

"Dear Lady Burnette," said Sir Anthony, his voice and manner full of tender sympathy, "forgive me for my familiarity, you are still a lovely woman."

"Sir Anthony!"

"It has often been on my lips to say so. And if ever I changed my bachelor state, it would be to call such a dear hand as this my own."

She made no resistance. He pressed the dear hand to his lips, and the telephone bell rang wildly.

"Beauty in trouble wrings my heart."

The Central News rang the telephone bell with sympathetic passion.

"Excuse me one moment," said Sir Anthony, answering the call.

"Well? What? Yes, the *Sentinel*. Get on; have no time to waste. What? Central News? New idea for special feature? Well? For the vacation. Title—'Is Life all Beer and Skittles?' If you want an answer, why, no, it is not—good bye. What? You are in earnest; so am I." And the conversation was abruptly ended, Sir Anthony, as he rejoined Lady Burnette, bemoaning the thorny character of the editorial chair.

"Dear Sir Anthony," she said, "it is work quite beneath you."

"My nephew thinks it is work for the gods."

"Your nephew!" said Lady Burnette.

"My highest ambition in life was to see him with a seat in Parliament and the accepted lover of your daughter; but that is all over: my nephew is a pariah, a waif, a stray—he has gone on a long voyage; I will never see him again—never!"

"Don't say that, Sir Anthony; forgiveness is a Christian virtue."

"Don't weep, dear lady," said Sir Anthony, Lady Burnette covering her eyes as much as her elaborate lace hand-

kerchief would permit: "but if you must give way, let me console you. It has long been in my mind to offer you a partnership in Lawford Court, Lady Burnette. I am but an humble City knight, your late lord was a baronet of an old and aristocratic line, but there is the 'art, after all, which I lay at your feet. Take it, with the fortune thereto belonging, and let my devotion atone for the wickedness of my nephew."

"Oh, what can I say?"

"Pickles!" said Bailey, entering at the moment.

Lady Burnette gave a little scream, and Sir Anthony staggered as if he had been shot.

"Pickles!" he exclaimed. "How dare you? What do you mean?"

"That's all 'e says, sir; I can get nothin' else out of 'im. Pickles and nothin' but pickles is all 'e keeps on repeatin'. When I says Mr. Chester 'ain't 'ere, 'e says 'Pickles,' and when I says you are the new editor, 'e says 'Pickles,' and at larst, when I says 'Wot name?' 'e says 'Pickles!'"

"And Pickles is what I repeat," said a dandified young man in a grey suit, crimson necktie and light gloves. "Pickles!"

Lady Burnette rose from her seat with a smothered exclamation of fear.

"Beg your pardon," said the intruder; regret disturb pleasant tête-à-tête. If Bailey had said engaged with lady, wouldn't have intruded—not for worlds, assure you. Let me introduce myself, Mr. Alibone Chick."

"Please call my carriage," said Lady Burnette.

"Yes 'm," said Bailey.

"Permit me," said Sir Anthony, offering his arm to her ladyship; "we will resume our interesting conversation later."

Mr. Alibone Chick, being left alone, assumed the voice and manner of Tom Chester. "Oh, indeed," he said; "I had no idea of this! You'll speak of it later. Not at present, my dear uncle. I shall occupy your attention for a little while. Hope Chick won't arrive meanwhile; rather awkward if he did. I ought to have told him. Rather fancy myself as a music-hall artiste; flatter myself I can do Chick to the life. If I don't bounce Sir Anthony out of the *Sentinel*, by jove, I'll go in for the Halls; much funnier than journalism and quite as respectable. Hetty does the skirt dance beautifully.

Three turns a night, a hundred pounds a week for the two of us—that is, if we were successful, and, of course, we should be.”

His soliloquy was interrupted by a call to the telephone.

“Hello! Yes, *Sentinel* office. I’m Chester. Central News? Well? Full report of scheme for Theatrical Trust; Haymarket and St. James’s as Music halls—Lyceum and Garrick Variety houses? Why, certainly; send as much as you can. Good-bye.”

“Some joke of the Central,” he thought, as he rang in his tulle stop; at which moment the counting-house whistle was sharply blown.

“What is it?” he asked, putting his ear to the tube. “Summons to Bow Street—criminal libel. Now, Heath, none of your larks. I’m here. Be ready to chuck out Crosley. No nonsense; I’m on the business; keep a sharp look-out.”

“That’s cool, I must say,” remarked Sir Anthony, entering as Chester, in the character of Chick, replaced the signal-whistle. “You appear to be making yourself at home, sir.”

“Why, yes,” Chester replied in his best Chick manner. “Know Chester—friend of mine, in fact; often have chat in sanctum sanctorum.”

“Indeed!” said Sir Anthony, taking his seat in the editorial chair, with all the dignity he could command.

“Troublesome thing so many whistles and bells and things,” said Chick, answering a call from the counting-house. “Not at home; call again.”

“How do you mean, sir—not at home?” said Sir Anthony, “who to? what for?”

“Excuse me,” said Chick, responding to a call from the readers’ room; I know these things; often answer them for Chester.” Then, stooping over the desk, he spoke to the call. “Proofs coming up? all right; send ‘em along.”

A leather bolt of proofs burst out of the tube as from a catapult, startling Sir Anthony just as much as if it was his first experience of the ingenious contrivance.

“Confound the thing!” he shouted; “I’ll have it altered.”

Chester found it difficult not to laugh, but he only remarked upon Sir Anthony’s alarm, “You don’t seem at home here—not so much as I am. Perhaps I have more right to be at home.”

“I don’t know about that,” said Sir Anthony. “Who the dooce are you?”

“Alibone Chick,” with a theatrical bow.

“And who the dooce is Alibone Chick?”

“Not know me? Pet of the halls, only serio-comic vocalist the century—see notices of latest ballad of character highly approved by editor *Sentinel*, my best friend, most rising publicist of day, future Premier of England.”

“Oh, indeed. Let me tell you, sir, that I am the editor of the *Sentinel*, and that I never heard of you until this minute.”

“Good gad! is that so?” said Chick, striking an attitude of astonishment. “Such is fame and other poems! And you have never heard of the famous ‘Ballad of the Pen’—Oh, yes: It’s psychological, with hereditary taint, and a dash that’s theological, worked in without restraint.” And the chorus—Oh the chorus fetches them; you sing it with a step, so —”

Mr. Chick walked round the room and sang, in a most monotonous tone, a verse that was tautological and mythological, and rang in all possible psychological changes; and there was such a lilt and rhythm in the music, as Chick hummed and marked it, that Sir Anthony found himself swaying to and fro in sympathy. Then Chick broke into another measure and another song, and Sir Anthony presently cried “Bravo!” and added, “By Jove, that’s funny. And you are what they call a music hall artiste?”

“That’s me,” said Chick, smacking the floor with his right foot and striking a grotesque attitude; “the renowned Alibone Chick!”

“And do you make up those songs out of your own head?”

“Every word of them.”

“Are they as funny to read as to sing?”

“Funnier.”

“Then you shall write one every day for the *Sentinel*, and I’ll put ‘em in instead of leading articles. That would fetch up the circulation, eh?”

“Higher than a kite,” said Chick.

“Will you do it?”

“Like a shot.”

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### STORM AND SUNSHINE.

“CALL to-morrow; I’m busy now; bring your song—‘The Story of the Day’—mind you, with a chorus; you’ll find me liberal.”

“Right you are,” said Chick, who got

away and into Heath's room, while Bailey announced the next visitor, a new masquerade of Chester's, who appeared in due course as Mr. Silas B. Crosley, with a voluble complaint which precluded Sir Anthony from getting more than a word in edgewise now and then; and whenever he did, the result was so exasperating to Mr. Crosley that he threatened Sir Anthony with physical violence. "I'll make a grease spot of you" was a threat that irritated Sir Anthony considerably; and once the new editor rose from his seat and took up his stick with an exhibition of temper and resolution that

promised a lively time for Mr. Crosley, whose constant demand was that Sir Anthony should eat dirt. Indeed, he continually reminded Sir Anthony that he was there to make the *Sentinel* "eat dirt." At the right moment Mr. O'Keefe walked in, and, taking Mr. Crosley by the arm, said Mr. Heath, the sub-editor, would settle matters with him. Crosley made a slight resistance, but O'Keefe was peremptory; and Sir Anthony followed their exit with a "Thank you, Mr. O'Keefe—thank you."

Sir Anthony mechanically walked over to the tape and read a few of the latest quotations, which added to his troubles; and he began to wish he was well out of the *Sentinel* business, when Bailey announced Miss Phillips.

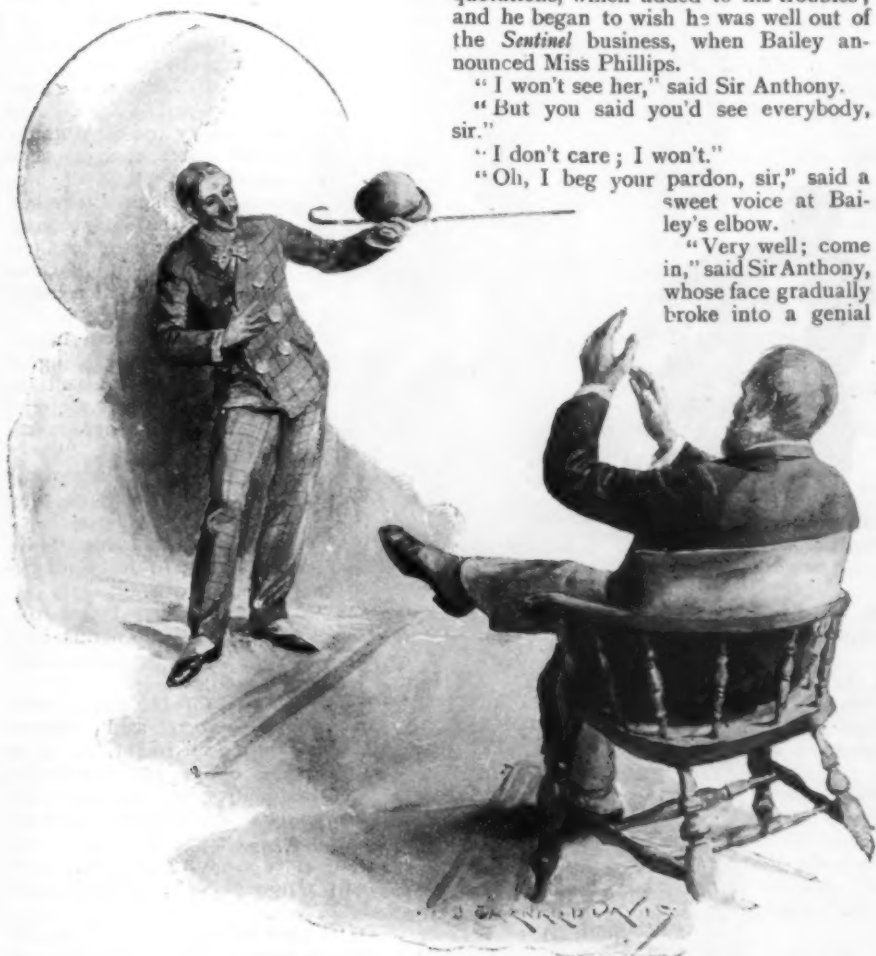
"I won't see her," said Sir Anthony.

"But you said you'd see everybody, sir."

"I don't care; I won't."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said a sweet voice at Bailey's elbow.

"Very well; come in," said Sir Anthony, whose face gradually broke into a genial



"THAT'S HE—THE RENOWNED ALIB-NE CHUCK"

smile as Hetty, in her most taking manner, and with the prettiest summer hat, took the seat Sir Anthony placed for her.

"Oh, thank you; I am so sorry to disturb you, but ——"

"Don't mention it. It is a relief to see a pretty face—I beg your pardon, no offence—I mean, an editor's visitors are usually objectionable. I hope you don't want to make a grease spot of me."

"A what, sir?"

"Don't want me to eat dirt, eh, or any other disagreeable thing of that kind? That is what my last visitor wished me to

do; he is in yonder, trying to induce the sub-editor to occupy himself in a similar manner."

Then both Hetty and Sir Anthony involuntarily turned towards the waiting and sub-editorial rooms, where voices arose in a sudden and fierce altercation.

"An Oirish blayguard, am I?" shouted O'Keefe.

"Go away quietly," said Heath.

"I will not go away; you are a set of scamps," screamed Crosley.

"Kape your hair on!" exclaimed O'Keefe; "kape it on, Oi say, and get out wid ye!"

"I will not, you miserable wretch!" shouted Crosley.

"Calm yourself," said Heath.

"Slanderers!—robbers!"

"Oh, the devil, if you will have it!" shouted O'Keefe. And then Hetty and Sir Anthony heard alarming evidence of a scuffle, in which all three concerned shouted together. Presently the sounds grew fainter, and there was a tremendous crash of glass, and the distinct fall of a heavy body.

"Only your friend, Mr. Crosley, taking his departure; don't be alarmed, Sir Anthony."

"But, great heavens, he'll be killed!"

"Very loikely, sorr," said O'Keefe, following Heath; "better killed he is than Mr. Heath should be assassinated."

"Oh, dear—oh dear; does this kind of thing take place often?"

"About three toimes a wurrking day, sorr," said O'Keefe.

"But it's all roight, no harm comes of it; we niver kill a man outright; and if we did, it would be in silf-difince and for the good av the community. All the same, sorry a man Oi'd be to edit a newspaper; it's just a dog's loife."

"I quite believe you," said Sir Anthony, between whom and O'Keefe further conversation was ended by



SIR ANTHONY LOOKED DESPAIRINGLY AT THE TELEPHONE.



the arrogant crash and whirl of the telephone bell.

"Excuse me, my dear Miss Phillips," said Sir Anthony, answering the summons.

Miss Phillips composed herself comfortably in the editorial room's easiest chair, and persevered in her sweetest expression.

"Hello! Yes, quite right. What? Are you Lord Rudolph? Honoured, I am sure. No, I am Sir Anthony Dibbs, not Mr. Chester. Yes, I am the proprietor of the *Sentinel*. 'The Party is delighted with this morning's paper. The Government, you know —'"

Sir Anthony repeated the message that Miss Phillips might hear it. She had already been concerned in its composition. It was part of Chester's plot to overcome his uncle.

"The Anglo-American-Irish alliance an admirable article. The Premier is delighted with it. We all congratulate you. Good-day.' If it is an onerous position, it is also a gratifying one," Sir Anthony said as he took his seat once more opposite his charming visitor.

"What is that, sir?"

"The position of an editor."

"More particularly that of editor of the *Sentinel*?"

"Yes, of course."

"A note for you, Sir Anthony—important," said Bailey; "from the War Office."

Once more Sir Anthony begged Miss Phillips to excuse him while he opened an official-looking letter, in which the proprietors of the *Sentinel* were requested to take steps for the protection of Mr. Chester against the Hon. Tom Joe Milwaukie, the head of the Kilkenny conspiracy, who was vowing vengeance against the *Sentinel*—and by the *Sentinel* he appeared to mean Mr. Chester.

"Dear, dear," said Sir Anthony. "Tell Mr. Heath to come here."

Mr. Heath came. Sir Anthony gave him the letter and told him to do what was necessary. Heath read the document and assured Sir Anthony that he need not be anxious; Mr. Chester had been attended now for several days by the cleverest couple of detectives Scotland Yard could produce. And so Sir Anthony was once more left alone with Miss Phillips.

"Bailey," called Sir Anthony.

"Yes, sir."

"I am out, whoever calls; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me, Miss Phillips, there is another way from this room; we will lock this public door, if you have no objection."

"None whatever," said his pretty visitor; and Sir Anthony locked the door.

"You heard the compliment from Sir Rudolph?"

"Yes. It was I who brought Mr. Chester the facts about the Kilkenny conspiracy."

"Oh, indeed. Then you know Sir Rudolph?"

"Oh, yes, and several other members of the Cabinet."

"Really?"

"Don't you, Sir Anthony?"

Miss Phillips did not put the question with an air of superiority, but rather with the suggestion that Sir Anthony was too modest.

"Why, of course you don't," she went on, "otherwise you would be a member of the House, perhaps a Peer—who knows?"

"Do you think so?" said Sir Anthony, at the same time saying to himself "What a clever young woman, and how charming!"

"When were you knighted, Sir Anthony?"

"Only two years ago, on the opening of the East-End Gymnasium."

"Would you not care to be in the House?"

"Which House?"

"The House of Commons."

"My nephew threatened me with the workhouse—I mean himself. I am getting a little confused, what with one thing and another."

Two of the desk whistles went off simultaneously, and the pneumatic tube shot out bolt after bolt of proofs.

Sir Anthony removed the whistles, flung the proofs upon the floor, and looked for a moment despairingly at the tape, which seemed to travel with a louder click than ever.

"I will go now, if you please," said Hetty; "you are so very busy. I will call some other day."

"The second whistle is from the composing-room," said Heath, entering the room in his calm, imperturbable way; "want copy."

"Good-day, Sir Anthony," said Hetty, rising.

"Don't go, my dear young lady; the fact is, I do not wish to unlock that door at present."

"Mademoiselle can go out the private way," said Heath.

"I know that private way, sir. No, Miss Phillips; it is no way for you."

"There are two exits, and we rarely use the window. Miss Phillips may rest assured her path will be made pleasant."

"Very well. Good-day, my dear young lady; remember me to your lady mother. If you have time to wait a little while in the next room while I get through my business here, I would like to know what you wish; but, whatever it is, consider it done—yes, consider it done," and he kissed her little gloved hand.

Mr. Heath led the way, and Miss Phillips took her leave with a sweet smile and a graceful bow.

"A dooced fine girl," said Sir Anthony, taking up the tape without looking at it; "clever, too; lots of go; what eyes! In first rate society too. Barring Miss Burnette, if Tom had made up to a girl like that! Ah well—Dash that telephone! I thought I'd switched it off."

"Jaffers, is it?" he asked, answering a peremptory call. "What? eh? The devil! Of course, sell ten thousand; no, hang Egyptians, don't touch them. What? Sold Pacifics! Then you're an ass; there's no other word for it. And you've bought New Yorks? Then sell twice the number. Oh, good night!"

He flung the instrument down with an oath and rampaged about the room. "That fool will cost me three thousand pounds to-day, if he costs me a penny. I must go into the City before I am ruined. He always was a fool; more fool I to trust him."

"Will you look over these proofs, Sir Anthony," says Heath, entering in a hurry—a very unusual thing with Heath. "Mr. Chester made a point of reading every line that went into the paper."

"Good heavens, sir, it would take me a week; read every line! Why, I'd sooner do a month on the treadmill."

"It's easy enough when you have had a little practice."

"Is it?" said Sir Anthony, taking up the proofs in a helpless fashion. "Easy!"

"I shall be out for half-an-hour, sir, now; you wont want the inner room—I generally lock the door while I'm away. O'Keefe is also out at the moment, the

police have sent for him; I have to go and bail him out."

Without any further explanation, Heath left the room, and Sir Anthony heard the bolt fall on the other side of the door.

"The police!" said Sir Anthony—"have to bail him out! Then they lamed that wretched man, I suppose, between them. Dear me! I wish I was well out of this infernal hole. Editing a paper! why, one had better keep a doss-house or a lunatic asylum."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### PISTOLS AND PETTICOATS.

SIR ANTHONY'S reflections were broken in upon by a violent knocking at the office door. Sir Anthony thereupon went to Heath's room.

"I say, look here, Mr. Heath?"

He tried the door. It was locked.

"Open the door, you coyote!" exclaimed a voice at the other door, which Sir Anthony had bolted, that he might not be disturbed.

"Open, or guess I'll bust it."

"Here's some other lunatic to see the editor," said Sir Anthony. "What a fool I was to meddle with the infernal business."

"Great Scott!" shouted the man outside, banging at the door; "air you goin' to unbar this yere door? No! Then let her go."

The next moment the bolt flew from its place, the door swung violently upon its hinges, and there stepped into the room a very pronounced down-east Yankee, the kind of creature you rarely see in the United States, let alone the prosaic City of London. He wore a goatee and long hair, a broad-brimmed bowler hat, a loud neckerchief and long, light frock coat and trousers.

"You air the editor of this yere paper? Don't say you 'ain't—I know you air."

Sir Anthony was very mad. His blood was up, and he was in no humour to stand any further nonsense; at least, that was how he thought he felt, as he remarked with a sneer, "If you know I air, why it's no good sayin' I 'ain't."

"Don't try your heavy British on me," said the stranger. "Snakes and cinnamon! I know you—you greaser—you coyote!"

"Never heard of 'em," said Sir Anthony,



"TAKE THAT, SIR."

with a coolness that belied his internal agitation.

"Didn't, eh?" said the stranger.

"Haven't the honour," said Sir Anthony.

"Haven't the honour, eh? You durned aristocrat!"

"Can't help the accident of birth," said Sir Anthony, rather pleased with the impression he was evidently making on his irate visitor. "There must be aristocrats as well as commoners in an old established country."

"A sneer at the Stars and Stripes, eh? A curl of the Tory lip. And yet your durned paper has had the blamed impudence to admit correspondence on the

subject of the great combination of Liberty—Ireland, Scotland, England and America—a dream of federated freedom of labour, effulgent right through the world from St. Paul's to Kamschatka, from New York to the burning bosom of the settin' sun, and don't you forget it!"

It passed through Sir Anthony's mind that he had seen many Americans in the City, but never anything like this; another set of Yankees, he supposed, belonged to the world of newspapers.

"And don't you forget it, I remarked," said the stranger.

"I will try not to," Sir Anthony replied quietly, trying the handle of Heath's door.

"There is the forgetfulness of the haughty aristocrat and the forgetfulness of the unspeakable corpse," said the stranger; "and when the combination which is now agitating the world to its very center —"

"Pardon me, what is it?" said Sir Anthony. "Never heard of the combination you speak of."

"Never heard of it! Why, Columbia, the mother of nations. You have attacked it in your paper. Not heard of it! Sir, you insult the sacred name of Liberty—you make your durned ignorance your shame. Can you fight, sir?"

The sudden drawing of a pair of six-shooters from his hip-pockets and the offering of one to Sir Anthony was a realistic move that pulled Sir Anthony up sharp, as he afterwards lived to confess.

"O'Keefe! where are you?" shouted Sir Anthony, knocking at Heath's door. "Mr. Heath—Hampstead—I mean Vernon!—I mean—Oh, will nobody come?"

"No, sir," said the stranger, advancing upon him. "O'Keefe, fur brutally attacking my compatriot, the virtuous Crosley, at your cowardly instigation, is in jail; yes, sir, your murderin' assassin, O'Keefe, is jugged, and I'm here to avenge the honest operator, Crosley—take that, sir."

He thrust a revolver into Sir Anthony's hand.

"Stand where you air, sir, and we fire across the table simultaneous—at the same burning moment, d'ye hear?"

The stranger had assumed a desperate demeanour. At first Sir Anthony thought him a mere bravado. Now he saw there was the very devil in his eye.

"This is no play," said the stranger. "By all that's devilish, I mean to kill you, unless you kill me; hold up your weapon."

"I will not," said Sir Anthony, the perspiration beginning to run down his face. "You are mad. I never fired a pistol in my life. Oh, hang it all. Here! Help! Help! Murder!"

"Stop it, said the stranger, seizing Sir Anthony by the collar, "or by the azure flag of Liberty, I'll riddle you where you stand."

"Good Lord, I believe he will!" said Sir Anthony. "Give me a moment! What is it you want? Is it reparation?"

"Your blood!" said the stranger, "unless —"

"Yes, yes, unless what? For heaven's sake, put down that pistol and leave go of my collar. You said 'unless.' Unless what?"

The stranger let Sir Anthony go, and for a moment depressed his weapon.

"How much?" said Sir Anthony.

"Another insult!" exclaimed the stranger, raising his pistol. Thunder! Do you think money can buy virtue, honour—wipe out slander —"

"Dear, dear; take your pistol away," said Sir Anthony. "I don't fear death; but I must go into the City first and see about the day's operations; and then I'll come back and you can shoot me right away."

Sir Anthony had heard of various subterfuges for putting maniacs off their bloodthirsty devices. Getting the stranger's permission to go into the City seemed to be at the moment as good an idea as any other.

"But apart from taking my life, is there anything else that will satisfy your injured honour?" he asked.

"If I spare your life, will you be reasonable?" replied the stranger in a voice of comparative calmness.

"I always am reasonable; but just now I am prepared to be more reasonable than ever."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### COMPROMISE AND WEDDING CAKE.

THE stranger paused, took from Sir Anthony's hand the pistol which waggled there, giving undignified emphasis to the pacific knight's embarrassment, replaced it in his left hip-pocket, laid his own upon the table and motioned Sir Anthony to a chair.

"Be seated; be calm."

"I am," said Sir Anthony.

"Calm, yes; but be seated also."

Sir Anthony sat in his thorny chair. The stranger faced him.

"You say you will be reasonable if I refrain from avenging with your death the honour of Silas B. Crosley, my friend and comrade?"

"'Never more so' was my answer, and I will not go from it."

"Will you give up this paper?"

"Willingly."

"This day?"

"This moment."

"Will you sign this document?"

"Read it."

"Of my own free will I relinquish the *Sentinel* to my nephew, Tom Chester, and consent freely to his marriage with Miss Hetty Phillips."

"My word's my bond, but I'll sign that with pleasure. It's a strange thing for you to ask though."

"I am a strange man."

"You air," said Sir Anthony, who found the stranger's accent so fascinating he could not help mimicking it.

"And you will not upbraid your nephew, who loves you as a nephew should?"

"I'll receive him back with open arms," said Sir Anthony.

"Then embrace him now!" exclaimed Tom Chester, laying aside his wig and goatee.

"What! eh?" said Sir Anthony; "you scoundrel!"

At the same time he did not resist the embrace of his play-acting nephew, and before they were well through the affectionate incident, Hetty entered the room, a picture of sweetness in a summer hat.

"Shall we kneel?" she said, as Tom took her hand.

"Yes," said Tom; and before Sir Anthony could say a word, they were at his feet, just as they might have been if this were a comedy on the stage.

"I'm so bewildered, I hardly know what I am doing," said Sir Anthony; "but bless you! bless you! Get up. Bailey! Bailey!"

"Ere y'are, sir—got it at larst," said Bailey, stumbling in with a tea-tray jingling with cups and saucers.

"Put it down," said Sir Anthony; and as the boy did so, Sir Anthony whispered to him, and Bailey, with a knowing smile, disappeared.



"LET ME INTRODUCE TO YOU THE FUTURE LADY DIJBS."



"I hate being sold," said Sir Anthony, now turning to Tom Chester and Miss Phillips; "but you are my nephew, and I'm dooced glad to get out of this editing business. Shall be just in time to reach the City before it is quite too late to rectify some of the mistakes of my dunderheaded clerk, Jaffers."

"I offer you a thousand apologies," said Tom; but Sir Anthony was watching the door and preparing his next sentence.

"Before we part, however," he went on, as Bailey appeared showing in Lady Burnette, "let me introduce to you the future Lady Dibbs."

Tom and Hetty having responded with low and respectful bows to Lady Burnette, Tom, in his best manner, offered his hearty congratulations, and addressing his uncle, said, "Sir Anthony, I am proud of you!"

"Permit me, Lady Burnette—Lady Dibbs that is to be—permit me to present to you my nephew's future wife, Miss Hetty Phillips, daughter of Lady Phillips, of Knightsbridge. And, by Jove, Tom, I congratulate you!"

"Delighted, I am sure," said Lady Burnette.

"And what about that little cheque, Sir Anthony?" inquired Chester.

"Where is it?"

"Paid to my credit in the National Provincial Bank."

"Very well; keep it for a wedding present."

Hetty and Tom exchanged happy glances.

"And I'll do the same by Hetty," said Sir Anthony. "You are a couple of designing conspirators; but without you, and if I had not taken it into my head to edit the *Sentinel*, I should never have found an opportunity to propose to Lady Burnette, the object and ambition of my life ever since Her Gracious Majesty did me the honour to invite me to rise in her presence Sir Anthony Dibbs. So Tom, I forgive you—it shall be a double wedding, and we'll make London hum as your American friends would say—a wedding march" (Bailey whistled a bar or two of the popular Mendelssohn music as he slipped down stairs to proclaim the festive news) "that shall set half London dancing—after Lady Dibbs has cut the cake."

"And Hetty has taken it," whispered Tom in the shell-like ear of the prettiest fiancée in London.

So Sir Anthony went back to his stocks and shares, and Tom Chester once more guided the *Sentinel* on its way to fame and fortune.

(THE END.)

## Young England at School.

### LIVERPOOL BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

I HAVE already given a place in this series to the famous London Blue-Coat School, better known as "Christ's Hospital," and although in many respects the Liverpool foundation differs from the great institution in Newgate Street, it has its similarities, one particularly being that the charitable position of the Liverpool Blue-Coat Hospital, as the school is called, of the present day is identical with the original wishes of the founder of Christ's Hospital.

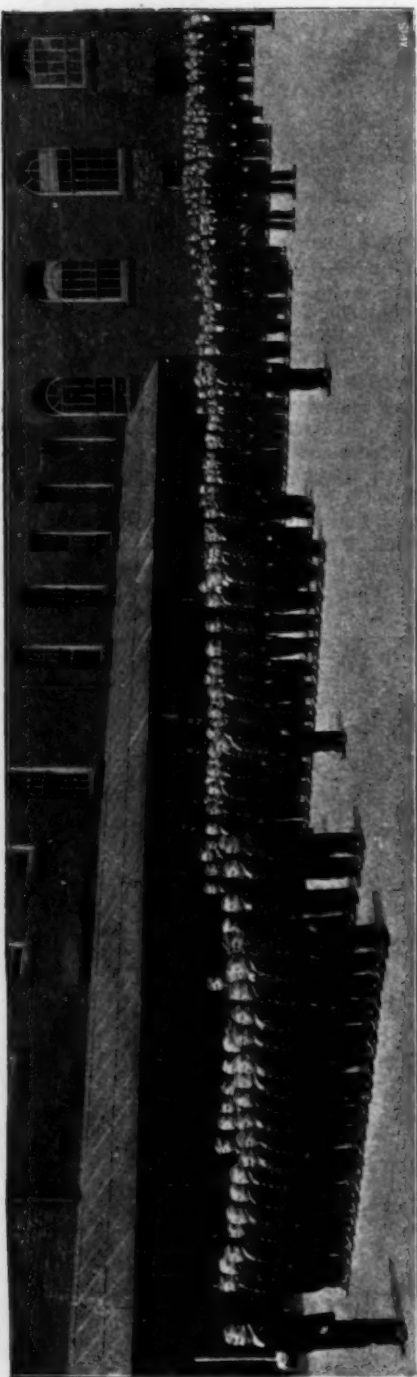
Probably beyond the objects of the founders of these institutions, and the words adopted by both, "Blue-Coat School," the comparison must cease, for

Christ's Hospital now occupies such a high position in the educational world that there is a disposition to disown "blue-coat" as applicable to that institution. Then, again, Christ's Hospital is rich in endowments, and boasts of Royal foundation and charter, together with a long list of valuable scholarships, which provide 'Varsity education for successful students at the school.

All these are foreign to the Liverpool Blue-Coat School, which is simply and purely a charitable institution offering none of these extra advantages; for the charity has been kept intact and the original decree of the foundation has been



LIVERPOOL BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.—THE BAND.



AT DRILL.

rigidly and strictly adhered to down to the present day.

It is only natural to expect that Liverpool, the second city to London, should not be backward in supporting the deserving of its population, and that we should find several wise and benevolent institutions in existence, doing good work.

Yes, Liverpool has its full complement of charitable institutions, which are not only voluntarily supported, as regards funds, but the citizens take the keenest interest in the work undertaken.

Besides the Blue-Coat Hospital, there is a noble foundation in Newsham Park, "The Seamen's Orphanage," a monument to the liberality of that city, besides numerous other benevolent asylums and orphanages.

Liverpool, as all know, is the greatest sea port in the world, and it is to this fact alone that it owes its greatness; and when looking after the orphans of the sailors who have perished in its service, the city does not forget the "old tars" who have weathered ocean life until old age and incapacity overtake them, and render them deserving objects for charity.

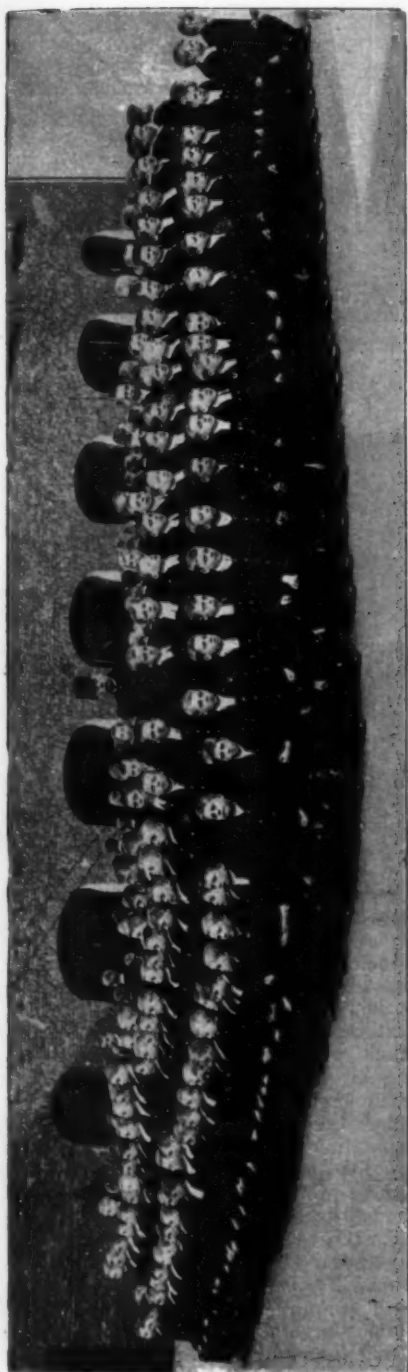
For these "old salts" a handsome building is erected at Egremont, on the Cheshire shore of the noble Mersey, called "The Home for Aged Mariners." The building, I am told, is fitted inside as nautically as possible, and the old boys spend their closing years in happiness, spinning yarns of their encounters and experiences of a life on the briny.

The Blue-Coat Hospital, however, claims distinguished attention from among all these, not only on account of its being the oldest charity in the city, but also for the efficiency with which it is conducted and its truly charitable objects.

Like many similar institutions, the Liverpool Blue-Coat Hospital, which was founded in 1708, to clothe and educate forty boys and ten girls, was not destined to proceed far without trials and troubles. The first treasurer was the Rev. Robert Styth, one of the rectors, who only held office for five years, when his death caused Bryan Blundell, Esq., to be called upon to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Blundell was indeed a devout and earnest man, and his name is one of the greatest associations in the school, on account of his work in the interest of the hospital until his death in 1756.

The first trouble experienced was owing



"FORMING SQUARE" IN THE YARD.

to the children only being clothed and educated, and not provided, as now, with board. The children, according to the old school records, were forced to go home to their parents for food, many of whom had none to give them, and consequently sent them out to beg for it, by which they acquired habits of idleness; and, meeting with many diversions, they either neglected the school, or profited but little by going to it. Whilst in this state, the means used not being sufficient to the end proposed, nothing more effectual could be devised than raising a fund which would enable the school to provide the children with meat, drink, clothes and lodging in one entire house, where they could be kept under thorough discipline. To this end a subscription was opened, and met with such liberal response that the governors were able, on the 3rd May, 1716, to lay the foundation stone of the building which now forms the ancient part of the hospital, erected at an expense of £2,300, which admitted of all the scholars becoming inmates. In 1720 an application was made to Government for a charter, but the school not being upon a Royal foundation, it was refused.

This disappointment, however, only led to further efforts on the part of Mr. Blundell and the governors, as we find: six years later, an additional twenty children were admitted to the school at the cost of the charity. A decree was obtained in 1739 from the Duchy Court of Lancaster, by which the school was vested in fifty trustees, and the objects of the institution fully defined. Three years later, in 1742, the number of children was further augmented, and the complement fixed at seventy, and shortly afterwards Mr. Blundell, whose name takes probably the most prominent part in the school's history and who is considered the greatest patron of the institution, his work in connection with it placing him amongst the most distinguished benefactors of Liverpool, made a powerful appeal to the public, which produced £2,000 and enabled the governors to increase the scholars to one hundred, of whom thirty were girls. In 1763 the number of children was doubled, and from this time the numbers have gradually advanced and even before the close of the eighteenth century there were three hundred and twenty-seven scholars under protection of the charity.

By another decree from the Duchy

Court of Lancaster, of the date of 1803, the trustees were increased to one hundred, and their number, character and influence form sufficient guarantee that the trust which they have undertaken will not be abused.

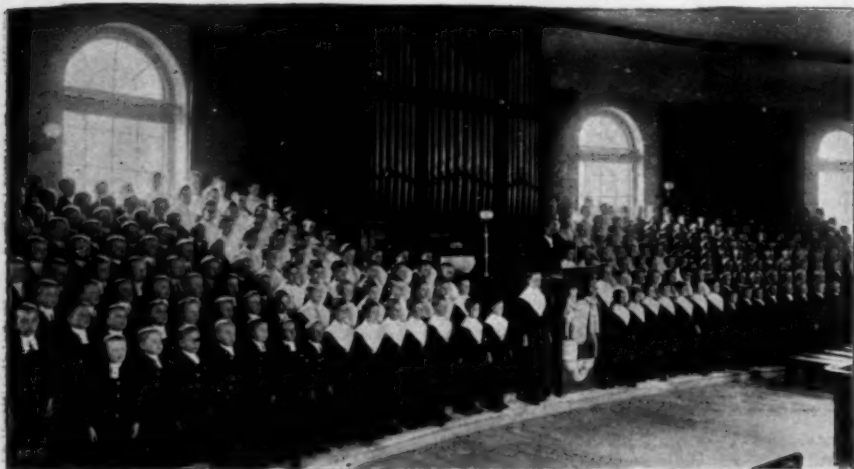
For eighty-two years the institution was managed by the family of the Blundells, and their descendants of the present day still exhibit the keenest interest in its welfare.

The Blue-Coat Hospital is situated in the heart of the city, under the shadow of the cathedral church of St. Peter, and in this church, prior to its becoming the pro-cathedral, the choir of the school occupied the choir stalls during the morning service.

at once obtained when we observe that the boys, when confronted by their chief, do not betray the slightest sign of fear, but rather the reverse, by answering out boldly, with that respect characteristic of the life of the place.

Mr. Mercer, after taking us over the building, was good enough to allow us the run of the school, and, from valuable hints given us, we were soon at work.

The first place we visited was the board room, whither we were attracted by the strains of muffled music. Here the musical instructor, Mr. Hess, was accompanying one of the boys, who was playing a solo on the cornet, and so admirable was the execution that I felt as though



IN THE CHAPEL.

The Master of the school, Mr. Mercer, is a man whose face at first sight convinces the interviewer that he is the right man in the right place. No hard lines indicate that the thorough discipline throughout the school has been effected by harsh and severe treatment; but, on the other hand, his pleasant smile denotes that his interest is in his charge and the welfare of his boys, and that he believes that kindness is the greatest medium to the best results.

Most "Old Boys" will remember Mr. Thomas Haughton, who for many years guided the school, and proved himself a father to many fatherless. The present Head, however, makes a worthy successor, and the best assurance of this is

I could have embraced the youngster, while my friend was trying to suppress the increasing dimness in his eyes, which he at first tried to convince himself was owing to atmospherical effects on his glasses.

This boy was considered the best player of the cornet in the school, and was under preparation for a coming competition; and, if I am any judge, I should say his chances were extremely good of pulling off the prize.

The board room is small, but its size may appear diminished by the great, old-fashioned table, which, together with an excellent grand piano, occupies a considerable portion of the space.

The numerous oil-paintings which





GIRLS AT DRILL.

adorn the walls of this board room are fine works of art, most of the subjects being life-size paintings of benefactors of the institution.

That of Bryan Blundell, Esq., one of the original founders and father of Jonathan Blundell, Esq., presented by Hamlet Winstanley, Esq., is probably the most conspicuous, but there are others equally interesting to those associated with the school, such as Jonathan Blundell, Esq., presented by his son, Henry Blundell Hollinshead, Esq., and another of the latter benefactor presented by his son, B. B. Hollinshead Blundell, Esq. This picture, and one of George Brown, Esq., were painted by Lonsdale.

George Brown, Esq., who was educated in the school, was always during his life willing and anxious to acknowledge with gratitude that to the Liverpool Blue-Coat School, and the instruction he received within its walls, he owed all his future success in life; and was no less distinguished for his commercial integrity than he was in private life for his unaffected piety and Christian benevolence. During his lifetime he contributed largely to the funds of his old school, and at his death, in 1836, he left it a legacy of five hundred pounds.

Another conspicuous picture, a copy of which we reproduce, is by Mr. Richard Ansdell, A.R.A., who was educated at the school, and presented his picture, representing "The Meeting of the Trustees in their Board Room," as an acknowledgment of the benefits he received within its walls.

After leaving the board room, we re-

turned to the front court, where the school band, with the little drum-major, had been formed up in marching order, as represented amongst our illustrations. The portion of the school shown here is the exterior of the dining hall on the ground floor, with the chapel above.

The band of the Liverpool Blue-Coat School takes a prominent part in the musical arrangements of that city, and the admirable execution of this miniature band is thoroughly appreciated. We next visited the dormitories, in company with the matron, who was evidently proud of her girls, and, I feel certain, possesses that influence which I have often spoken of as being essential in the training of boys and girls.

Beyond that everywhere and everything is "spic and span" as regards cleanliness, there is nothing extraordinary in this department. The dormitories are very large, containing a number of beds, each boy having his own; but if the rooms were not so thoroughly light and airy, I am afraid I might be inclined to think there was a little overcrowding.

In the basement there is a capital little plunge bath, and excellent lavatory accommodation.

The girls, in addition to their school training, make and mend the boys' clothes, and are also taught to bake, cook, wash, and iron, so that when they leave the school they have received such an education as should make them good and useful women.

The asphalted yard, in the rear, is spacious, and serves as a playground during school hours, or for drilling the



A DORMITORY.

school, a treat, I think, few have the pleasure of witnessing.

Mr. Jordan, the drill instructor, is a competent and excellent drill master, and the result of his training reflects the greatest credit upon him.

Although unlike the cadets' corps I have seen attached to our great schools, with their fine uniforms and rifles, the Blue-Coat corps shines prominently at actual work. There is no uniform, and rifles are only supposed to exist, while the officers are allowed to have fencing sticks in lieu of swords.

The commanding officer is a boy as big, comparatively speaking, as six-pennyworth of coppers, and it was surprising to find how the 250 boys manœuvred over that yard without the slightest interference of a single official, working like a piece of machinery.

The corps consists of a battalion of six companies, officered by the boys themselves, and an inspection

of the drill takes place annually in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the trustees of the school and other leading citizens.

The most interesting portion of the whole building is the chapel. The interior is adorned with long boards covered with the names of the hospital's patrons, with the amounts of their respective benefactions and legacies. An important

feature in the children's training may be seen in the musical service, which is held in the chapel of the institution on Sunday afternoons, and to which the public and the children's friends are admitted. There is no chaplain, and the service, which consists of hymns, anthems, prayers and a catechetical exercise, is conducted solely by the children themselves, under the guidance of the Headmaster. On Sunday afternoons this little chapel has a special attraction for the Liverpool residents, many of whom come from long



SOME OF THE OFFICIALS.

distances to attend the four o'clock service and avail themselves of the opportunity of going over the whole building.

Only those who have attended the Blue Coat service can understand the sentimental feeling that seems to fill the audience almost immediately they take their seats opposite the unique little organ, either side of which are the children's vacant seats, soon to be filled with the little orphans whom the noble charity is educating and fitting for the commercial life of the city; and great are the possibilities that many of them may in after years become wealthy citizens, and, as in numerous previous cases, rally round the foster home of their childhood, and show their gratefulness by assisting financially in its support.

All these thoughts are uppermost in the minds of the visitors, as they read the names of highly respected merchants as the donors of large sums of money, and who have in the past worn the little tail-coat of blue and soft blue cap. Long before the contents of the boards have been deciphered, the organ peals forth the opening of one of our favourite marches, as the children march to their seats in double file.

The smallest head the procession, and

with eyes straight in front of them, their feet move with such rhythm, that it sounds like one heavy tread.

There is an impressiveness which has a marvellous effect upon the congregation, and few persons witness this ceremony without experiencing quivering nerves.

One of the head boys takes the service by reading the prayers, and a boy and girl each in turn recites a chapter, or part of one, from the Scriptures.

After the service is over, the children march to the dining-room, where tea is prepared, and from a small gallery the visitor is enabled to see the little orphans partake of a hearty repast, which, though plain, is plentiful and wholesome.

Before leaving the building, the visitors generally make a tour throughout the whole school, which is everywhere exceptionally neat and clean, reflecting credit on the management, and which must necessarily make the trustees proud of their institution.

In the school hymn book we find visitors specially welcomed by the following notice:—

"The trustees rejoice in being able to invite the public to the closest inspection of every department of the establishment. They do not wish to direct the attention



MEETING OF TRUSTEES, FR M A PAINTING BY RICHARD ANDREWS, A.R.A., AN "OLD BLUE."

merely to the mode of teaching in the school, or to the decorous and most affecting service in the chapel on Sundays, however gratifying these may be, but also to the general state of order, cleanliness, good conduct, comfort and happiness which pervade the whole house. The trustees are not too sanguine as to the success in afterlife of everyone committed to their charge, but they earnestly hope that the religious principles, which form a good backbone to a sound education, should always stand them in good stead during their walk in life."

How far the institution has prospered the annals of Liverpool, and of Liverpool men, can well testify.

Not only is each boy thoroughly educated, but he is provided with a good situation before he leaves the school, and, even afterwards, he is not lost sight of. Probably one of the greatest institutions in connection with this Charity is

"The Blue-Coat Brotherly Society," an association formed as far back as 1838, and consisting mainly of those who have been educated at the institution. The object of this brotherhood is to watch over the early career of boys when they leave the school. Since its formation about three thousand boys have been supervised by its members, with the most encouraging success.

A similar society was established in 1857 for girls by the Ladies' Committee, with equally satisfactory results.

After our work and visit were finished, which we need hardly say was something quite unique as regards our "School Series," and whilst reviewing all we had witnessed that day, we were compelled to admit that the Blue-Coat Hospital does honour to the city of Liverpool, whose citizens nobly support so deserving an institution.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.



*Our Illustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the original negatives can be obtained.*



*The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, MERCHANT TAYLORS', MARLBOROUGH, CLIFTON, CHELTENHAM, LEYS COLLEGE, BEDFORD GRAMMAR, HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, UPPINGHAM, CRANLEIGH, HIGHGATE, BRIGHTON COLLEGE, SHREWSBURY, RADLEY, MALVERN COLLEGE AND GIRTON (Harrow, Rugby and Clifton are out of print, but back numbers of the others can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post-free, 8½d. each copy.)*

# THE LAST POST



TALES OF THE SERVICE,

By WALTER WOOD.

**T**WO thousand torches burned with steady blaze against the moonlit sky of an autumn night; and two thousand soldiers, from the camp on Barden Common, drilled with rhythmic motion with the lights aloft. They marched past to the "British Grenadiers," and did some complicated movements, in preparing and perfecting which the brigade adjutant had spent many sleepless nights and wretched days. There was graceful interlacing as the lines of living lamps passed through and through each other, some at right angles, some diagonally, and some, who had forgotten their parts, at no angles at all. The exhibition was a mixture of lancers and quadrilles, of schottishes and polkas, and other dances that the adjutant had called to mind; toned off and finished with some movements from the ceremonial drill.

The grand finale of the torchlight tattoo was a pleasing sight to all. The members of the staff, who understood the military part of the pageant and not the other, said it was good; the ladies, who recognised the dances, and wondered what the

ceremonial element was, were delighted; the common people, who understood neither the ceremonial nor the dances, but thought the spectacle was very fine, applauded loudly, and hoped there would be many more such shows, especially as they could be enjoyed at no expense of pocket.

The adjutant was enraptured with his handiwork, the lady guests were charmed and edified, the people cried with pleasure and applauded, and some took advantage of the music to improvise a dance, amalgamating, in an inharmonious whole, all the measures that appear on every well-constructed programme.

Two soldiers from the camp and a woman watched the moving wall of fire from a little hillock near the road. One of the men wore the stripes of a corporal; the other was a private.

The girl was smartly dressed, and on her fresh and handsome face there was a look of childish wonder at the sight she witnessed. The corporal was a man of stalwart frame and evil aspect. The private's face was frank and open, but there was a scowl upon it as he glanced



first at the girl beside him, and then at the companion at her elbow.

Each man loved her in his way; but their ways were different. Each would do his utmost to possess her; and each had sworn within himself that before the night had passed, he would know his fate at the hands of her who alone could decide it.

The private, as he dreamily watched the torches, conjured up a vision of the woman near him as his wife: not the wife of a rank and file man, nor even of an N. C. O., but an everyday civilian, to whom the barrack and the parade were things of the past, memories pleasant or

passion for the handsome woman, from the home which overlooked the encampment and the sea.

The corporal, too, as he watched the evolutions of the torch-bearers, dwelt on the future, but carelessly and lightly, after the fashion of a man who gives little thought to the morrow. Other girls, in days past, had established friendly relations with soldiers of the regiment; and there had been sobs and tears when the troops had changed their station, but through it all, his own heart had never beaten quicker, or felt the sorer for any separation. He had been untouched, in

all his soldiering days, by the human weaknesses that had forced groans from some of his comrades, and had caused others to desert. His brag was that of the barrack bully; he lived for no one but himself, and cared neither for the joys nor sorrows of others, so long as he was satisfied. And yet, with all his drawbacks, he had tact enough to make himself liked of womankind. His smart address and handsome presence did much to hide a multitude of faults.

The three stood on the hillock, gazing, one man drawing



WATCHED THE MOVING WALL OF FIRE.

distasteful, according to the mood of his retrospection. A little farm in Wharfedale, away from everything that told him of the rifle and the bayonet, of iron discipline, and real or fancied slights from foolish young superiors; of the blare of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and the tramp, in heavy marching order, along wearying roads—a farm where he would be the master, and the girl beside him mistress. This was the picture that he called to mind, as he had called it often since he saw her for the first time, when they went under canvas six short weeks before. Heart-free till now, he had become absorbed in his strong, unselfish

a mental picture, inspired by generous love, the other flattering himself with the belief that one more was added to the already long list of his amorous successes; and she, who was the cause of it was looking, with simple pleasure, on the scene below, knowing nothing of the soldier's life but its best and brightest features.

The silence was at last broken by the corporal. "Don't you think, Mr. Burne," he said, with laboured politeness, "that two make better company than three?"

"I do," answered the private, so meaningly that the girl laughed aloud, and the corporal's brow grew black.

"Then suppose you have the grace to leave us," said the corporal.

"When Miss Macdonald wishes me to do so, I shall go, and not till then," returned the private.

Happily for him, the corporal was not of his battalion.

"I wish to talk with her alone," said the corporal fiercely.

"I have the misfortune to share the wish in common with you," answered Burne quietly.

"Come, come," said the girl poutingly; "I'll have no more of this. If you can't behave, you can both go."

She tapped the ground testily with her foot, but, all the same, feared for a moment that she might be taken at her word and left alone.

"I for one will carry out your order," said the corporal with a sneer.

The girl turned sharply and met his gaze, but only for an instant. There was a gleam in the man's eye which she could not understand, and she turned from it with distrust and dread.

"I shall stay, whatever comes," said Burne simply.

"If I have hurt your feelings, I am sorry for it."

"So long as you are with me, I care for nothing," said the girl gaily.

Burne smiled, and the corporal bit his lip.

"Oh, what a lovely sight!" exclaimed the girl a moment later. "Just watch the torches and hear the bands play."

"It is, indeed, a pretty spectacle," said Burne. "I'm glad you like it."

"You'll be sick of these things when you've seen as many as I have," said the corporal gruffly.

"The sooner the show ends the better I shall like it."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a while. It was broken by the corporal. He had decided, after all, that he could not see the girl to-night with Burne in such faithful attendance. "But I have a better plan than that," he added to himself. "Will you," he asked in a low voice; "will you go with me to the theatre to-morrow night?"

"I ——" The girl was answering in laughing tones, saying that she would, but Burne laid his hand upon her arm. "You've promised me already," he said.

The corporal heard it, and scowled. The lights of the torches blazed up again as a puff of wind struck them.

The girl looked from one face to the other. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "If you can't wear civil faces when you ask a lady's favour, I'll go with neither."

She pettishly seized the private's hand and flung it from her. Burne stood more erect, but save for the gathering gloom upon his brow, there was no sign that the act had claimed his notice.

The corporal's quick eye had seen the contemptuous motion, and he bent at once to whisper in the girl's ear—"Say the word now—you'll go with me? You see the churl he is."

She turned upon the speaker. "Better churl than sneak—you're underhand. He asked first."

"Then go with him, and be——"

The corporal checked himself, for the girl had turned again, and was looking at him with flashing eyes. He hesitated a moment, and without another word, strode rapidly away.



"I'LL PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO NO MAN."

A flush of vexation mounted to the girl's face, and she spoke sharply to the statue-like figure of Burne. "Well, wooden-head, what have you to say? You stare in a fine silly fashion at the torches."

"I've only got this to say," he answered quietly and gravely: "You must make your choice between him and me." He nodded in the direction in which the corporal had gone. "I'll play second fiddle to no man. Which shall it be?"

The torches were burning out, and the strains of "May Blossom" were dying away. Burne again put his hand gently on the girl's arm. "Come, Mary," he said, "you know what I mean. The show's at an end; tell me—are my hopes at an end, too? I go no shares. I'll have all or nothing—I'm prepared to give the same."

It was on the lips of the girl to say the word her lover wanted, and then and there to banish thoughts of the corporal for ever from her mind. Her face softened, and her tones were gentler as she began a hesitating answer. While she framed it, the corporal turned again, and went and stood in his former place.

The nobler mood of the girl gave place suddenly to a spirit of reckless flippancy. "You're both here now," she said, "and you want me to do a thing I can't do. I can't go with *two* of you to-morrow. I'll go with *one*."

"Which?" asked the corporal, with a little sneer at his rival.

"The one I want," answered the girl lightly.

"And that one is——" asked the corporal pleasantly, for he felt that the battle was won, and that the victory, after all, was with him.

"Listen, and you'll hear," said the girl. She drew the men towards her, one on each side. "You both know Barden Head?" she asked.

The private nodded.

"It's a good three miles from here," said the corporal. "What on earth's that got to do with——"

"A good three miles from here," repeated Mary briskly. "That's why I choose it. You must both go there to-night, and start a race against each other back to camp."

"And what then?" asked the corporal in astonishment.

"First in camp by 'last post' shall take me to the theatre to-morrow," said the

girl. "Oh, it's splendid! I don't know whatever put the idea into my head. Isn't it lovely?" She clapped her hands and laughed.

Burne smiled curiously, but said nothing.

"It'll be a hard run to get in for the staff parade," growled the corporal.

"That'll make it all the grander," said the girl. "Think of the glory of winning!"

"It's after eight o'clock now, and tattoo goes at ten," said Burne slowly. "It's a long, stiff run—it's got to be done both ways."

"Oh," said the girl airily, "you can drive if you like—go as you please, so long as you get there; only you've got to run back. You can't do unfairly, because one'll watch the other."

She laughed again; and the corporal laughed. But Burne was silent still, and when the girl looked into his face, she saw that he was regarding her with sadness. For an instant she yearned to withdraw her challenge, and muttered some half-framed words.

"Come," said Burne, as if aroused from a reverie; "it's time we went on this queer errand."

"I'm ready," said the corporal. "You'll be in camp to see the winner home, eh?"

"Standing as near the buglers as I can get," replied the girl.

The corporal walked away, and began to unbutton his kersey at the throat and chest so that he might breathe more freely. "A silly freak," he muttered, "but I shall win in a canter against a heavy fellow like Burne. Having won, I shall pop the question to the witch straight off. Then there'll be an end to folly like this. I can make her pay for it after." He smiled unpleasantly as he looked towards the girl and Burne, and made a signal for the man to come.

"He's getting impatient," said Burne in a low voice. "Answer my question: Does the winner of the race win the maker of it?"

"He does," answered the girl simply.

"Then you'll be mine at last!" he said; and he could have shouted for the joy that suddenly possessed him.

"You've got to win, though, and be in by 'last post,'" said the girl; "remember that."

"I haven't run a race for years," said Burne cheerily, "but I'll win this or die.

I've plenty of staying power; and men like me don't give up the ghost for nothing."

"Now go," said the girl. "And oh!" she added suddenly, "for God's sake, come in first!"

Burne gave a delighted smile, and leaped forward and joined his companion.

"There's little time to waste in jawing," said the corporal angrily. "Crackbrained as the race is, you might begin it fair."

Burne made no answer. He could afford, he thought, to let the corporal grumble to his heart's content.

The men broke into a swinging run together, and their steady footfalls shortly died away.

The girl watched them until they were no longer to be seen; then, with a heavy heart, for which she knew no cause, she began to pace about with restless haste until the men returned. "Ah me," she murmured. "When will there be an end to woman's folly? Why an errand such as this?"

The soldiers kept side by side for many a furlong, for the training of the barrack-square was fresh upon them, and they went about their task as if at drill. The corporal got the lead at last, and drew ahead; and when his rival threw himself, panting, on the ground at Barden Head, the corporal was awaiting him, and was idly throwing little tufts of grass and soil over the cliff into the sea.

His chest was heaving deeply and regularly, as if the run had made no claim upon his strength. He looked, with a smile, half curious, half sneering, at the man who panted at his feet.

"You're winded, Burne," he said; "I'm as fresh as a daisy. Shall we begin the race back?"

There was a mocking sound in his voice that made the blood in Burne's veins surge wildly to his heart.

Burne rose to his feet, but the exhaustion of the race was still upon him, and he sank to the ground again.

"You're devilish bad," continued the corporal, with affected pity. "Shall I fetch a doctor, or run for one of the keepers at the lighthouse?"

He gave a short laugh as he glanced at the dazzling light on Gorton Head, half a mile away. The signal disappeared, and the corporal waited until it flashed again before he said, "Come, Burne, get up; it's time we started back. Are you ready, or shall we call it a walk over for me?"

Burne struggled to his feet. "Give me just two minutes," he said, hoarsely; "then I'll be ready to start back level with you."

"That'll be two flashes of the light yonder—agreed," said the corporal. He plucked another little tuft of grass and earth and cast it lazily over the Head, humming as he did so. He stood for a moment at the brow, then turned and walked a few paces, until he again faced his companion.

Burne had taken off his kersey and had put it on the ground. His shirt was open, and he was patting his forehead and chest with hand-fuls of the dewy grass.

The corporal whistled in surprise. "What's all that for?" he asked; "trying to cool yourself?"

"Yes," replied Burne.

"Going to leave your kersey?"

"I can run better without it," said Burne.

"And what'll the adjutant have to say when you land in camp in a shirt and pair of trousers?"

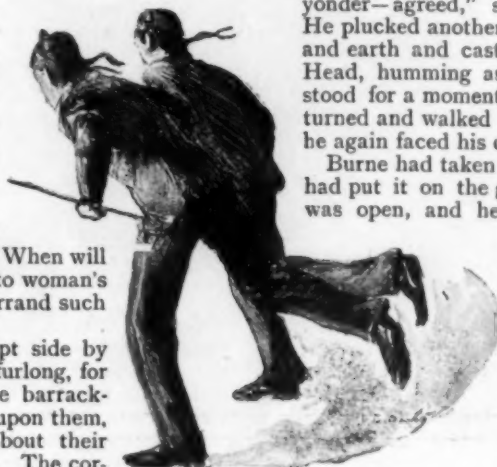
"That can wait," answered Burne. "I'm to be in first before the 'last post' goes."

The corporal laughed aloud. "You can't do it—it's a physical impossibility. You're used up already. You'll kill yourself. Time's up—there goes the second flash."

"I'm ready," said Burne simply.

"Just a minute," said the corporal. "I want to ask you a question. I'm curious to know your answer."

Burne nodded; he could not afford



THE MEN BROKE INTO A SWINGING RUN.

the breath to speak.

The ground on Barden Head sloped gently to the sea, and the grass was slippery with the dew.

The corporal's stalwart figure was clearly outlined against the sky, and his attitude was that of a careless and thoughtless man.

"Before we start back, Burne," he said; "suppose you tell me why you want the girl."

Burne made no answer; he simply stared at the great figure before him.

"Your reason's the same as mine, I suppose," said the corporal, with a little, brutal laugh.

"And what's that?" asked Burne, speaking at last.

The corporal laughed again with a curious sound. "Not marriage," he answered.

"Scoundrel!" cried Burne. "Take that for speaking so of an honest woman who is to be my wife!"

He sprang forward and, in his passion, struck a full, strong blow upon the corporal's face.

The figure fell before him, and he looked with stony horror at the result of his wrath.

He gazed a moment only, for the figure began to move, to roll quietly away from him. It made no effort to save itself, beyond a feeble, spasmodic clutching at the short, wet grass. The body gained momentum as it rolled, and, while Burne stood there, gazing, it disappeared over the edge of Barden Head, and fell, a silent, senseless thing, into the sea below.

Burne counted, in an absent manner, five flashes of the light on Gorton Head before he lay upon the grass and crawled



THE BODY DISAPPEARED OVER THE EDGE OF BARDEN HEAD.

tremblingly to the edge of the Head

He looked into the dizzy depths, and when the light shone again, describing half a circle upon the still waters, he saw the body of the corporal lying on the beach. The flood tide was already lapping quietly about it.

A sense of exultation for the moment filled him, and he crawled slowly back to where he had placed his kersey and put it on again. "No one saw us come but Mary," he murmured, in a vague, dreamy way. "She will

never tell. Who knows that he didn't slip off the Head into the sea? There's the trail he made. God forgive me—I meant him no harm. He drove me to it. I shall be in the first, and she is mine."

He walked, hesitatingly and fearfully, until he reached the pathway, then he broke into a heavy, steady run against time.

For an instant he paused to look back. The light on Gorton Head was once more flashing slowly. His heart seemed to stop beating as he looked, for he thought he saw standing upon Barden Head, between him and the light, the figure of the corporal. He thought, too, as he looked, that the figure began to approach him, making never a sound as it did so.

Burne faced towards the camp and resumed his run. By-and-by the sound of his feet took the form of a monotonous chant, that kept time to his footfalls—"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not kill." He tried to put away the fancy, and to make the footfalls answer to another tune. He tried in vain, and at last fell in with the refrain, and wondered



why he had thought it could be otherwise.

At one time, when he left the pathway running on the edge of the cliff and took the road that led to camp, he glanced behind. He saw the figure still in his wake, keeping pace with his pace, neither more nor less; and he felt no wonder at the strange companionship.

He ran on blindly, and once he stumbled against a stone and fell heavily to the ground. He lay prostrate for a moment, then rose, and with blood trick-

roadside and gazed dreamily at the camp, which lay in the hollow at the foot. He saw tiny, flickering lights, some of which kept disappearing for an instant, as if men passed before them.

A faint, rumbling sound and a delicate strain of music were borne towards him on the breeze, and he knew that they came from the drums and fifes of the men who were marching up and down the lines, beating the tattoo. He staggered to his feet again, and wondered why his head swam and why his breath came



HE WAS PASSING THE MAIN GUARD.

ling down his face, but with closed mouth and clenched teeth, his fingers pressed against the palms, his elbows back and his chest forward, he resumed his journey.

By this time he had passed into a semi-conscious state, and lumbered on with half-closed eyes that ached with a dull pain. He tripped again more than once, for the road was rising to the brow of a hill, but he made no effort to recover himself as he felt that he was falling. He resigned himself completely to the spirit that possessed him, and seemed to keep erect without the exercise of will. When the brow was reached, he sank upon the

with such a laboured sound. Sharp spells of pain attacked him near his heart, and the sweat was forced from his brow. The exhaustion of death was upon him, but he reeled down the long, steep road, and began the last stage of his journey to camp. He did not look behind again, for he knew that the silent form was with him still, and told himself it was just that it should be so. He wondered if the men on guard would see the figure also, and whether they would think it strange.

He felt his heart beat thicker and faster, and longed to open his mouth and throw his tongue out. It was curious, he thought, that at such a time as this he

should call to mind a weary dog he had once seen running on a still, hot day along a stretch of parched highway. But his thoughts went back to the gloom behind and the silent figure that pursued him as he ran, and his pace grew never less. He stumbled yet again, and, hearing voices, turned his head as he ran.

He was passing the main guard, and the men were laughing loudly and urging him on. "Go it, Burne; the devil's after you," said one. "Put your final spurt on," said another; "for the 'last post' is nigh, and things are piping hot for the man that's absent."

A few more paces and he would be in. Even as he covered them, he saw the buglers in a line, and a woman standing near them. He gave a great bound onward, then stopped.

The bugles were being raised to the men's lips.

He stumbled past the line of men and halted abruptly before the woman he had seen. Her face was white and anxious, but a happy look was on it as she saw that the man she loved had passed his rival in the race.

Burne understood the greeting, and a smile of triumph overspread his features as he gasped "I've won—you're mine. I claim you now in *his* presence. He's just behind me, for we came together from the Head. The 'last post' hasn't sounded yet."

The victor staggered forward with a hand upon his heart; he stood for a breathing space, then tottered, and fell dead at his sweetheart's feet as the bugles rang out the "Last Post."



FELL DEAD AT HIS SWEETHEART'S FEET

# "Where Merchants most do Congregate."

[The Merchant of Venice.]

## The Stock Exchange.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

*Illustrated with Portraits of some Popular Members, from Photographs*

*by Mr. EDMUND PASSINGHAM.*

"THE House." One hears the word in City offices as often as in West End clubs, but whereas the West End means St. Stephen's the City refers to the Stock Exchange. There have been several explanations of the origin of a habit which thus takes the name of Parliament in vain, but not one can be regarded as altogether satisfactory. According to the best accredited version, it originated some time in the last century, when, supplementing the temporary accommodation of the rotunda of the Bank of England, the stockbrokers and dealers rented a house in Threadneedle Street. When a member was not at the bank, it was usually suggested that he might be "over at the house." In their variety of character, esprit de corps and social amenities, the two "Houses" may, perhaps, be fitly compared. In the important matter of age, of course, the Stock Exchange is not "in it" with the House of Commons. "As at present constituted"—a phrase which is just now dear to many politicians—it has not existed one hundred years. It is true that in 1773 the brokers and dealers in stocks and shares (who had until that year mixed with the common herd of commercial men in the Royal Exchange) obtained a meeting place of their own in Sweeting Alley, shortly to be removed to Capel Court. But it was not until 1801 that the company of shareholders—who must not be confounded for a moment with the members—was formed, which now owns and carries on the Stock Exchange, the capital at first consisting of four hundred shares of £50.

In 1876, it was provided that no new shareholder was to be admitted unless he was also a member of the Stock Ex-

change, and the capital was subdivided into 4,000, not more than 10 of which could be owned by any new owner. The ultimate result of this measure will be the abolition of the dual control at present exercised over "the House" by the Managers, as representing the shareholders, on the one hand, and the Committee of General Purposes, as representing the members on the other.

It has been said that it is as difficult for the poor man to enter "the House" at Westminster as it is for the rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and as much might be said of "the House" in the City. Of recent years, indeed, the cost of membership of the Stock Exchange has been much increased. The entrance fee is now five hundred guineas and the annual subscription thirty-one guineas. One of the rules, moreover—a most salutary one from the public point of view—requires a candidate to be recommended by three members, each of whom must engage to pay £500 to his creditors should he fail within four years from the date of his membership. Some relaxation of these terms, however, is obtained by candidates who have, for four years previously, been authorised clerks to members. In their case two sureties of the amount of £300 apiece are sufficient, whilst the entrance fee is only one hundred and fifty guineas. As a matter of fact, I believe the majority of the present members of "the House" were previously clerks, many first frequenting it on probation, so to speak, not merely from motives of economy, but for the sake of the experience to be gained thereby.

By "authorised clerks" are meant those who are not only privileged to enter "the House," but are also autho-

rised to transact business on their employers' behalf. Each member is entitled to have one authorised and two unauthorised clerks, for whom he must pay an annual subscription of thirty-one and twelve guineas respectively.

The rules prohibit a member who is surety for another from obtaining indemnity, and forbid not only members, but also the wives of members, from engaging in any other business than that of a stock-broker or dealer.

Whether under this rule a lady could claim to accompany her husband on 'Change for the purpose of transacting business, I am unable to say, for, so far, the claim has never been made. It is also open to

doubt whether the Committee have ever put the rule into force as regards "the wife's snug little business of her own," for this breach of Stock Exchange law can be far more easily committed than discovered. But there can be no question that the principal intent of this rule is achieved when members are prevented from carrying on, in the names of their wives, stock and share business which would be free from the control of "the House."

"The House" in the City and "the House" at Westminster admit of other interesting comparisons. Every March there is at the Stock Exchange what is

called a "general election," the members voting for the Committee of General Purposes, who number thirty, for the regulation of all the business transacted, as distinct from matters relating to the building, which is under the control of managers appointed by the shareholders. This Committee has large legislative powers as well as important administrative functions.

To begin with, it has entire charge of the election and re-election of members; in theory every member is required to be re-elected every year, but in practice this has become a mere matter of form. It has to make additions

from time to time, as circumstances may seem to call for, to the code of stringent laws known as "the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange," and to enforce this code as between members.

The Committee, moreover, sometimes takes upon itself the adjudication of a complaint by a member against a non-member, but the consent of the latter has, of course, to be first obtained if the award is to be legally binding. In the enforcement of the laws, the Committee have not nearly so laborious a task as might be supposed, from the fact that they now number over one hundred and eighty. It is a very rare occurrence for a dispute to



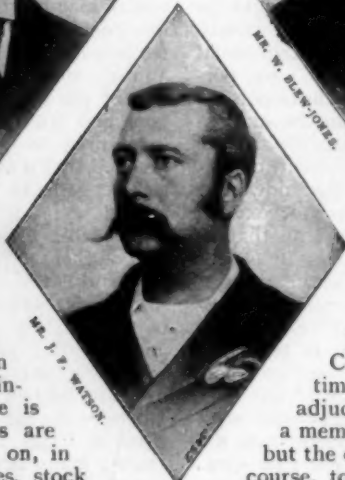
MR. CHARLES C. BEARDSLEY.



MR. GEORGE F. GOLDSMITH.



MR. W. BLAW-JONES.



MR. J. P. WATSON.

occur between members, although they do business with each other every day to the extent of several millions sterling according to merely verbal contracts. A good many transactions take place, of course, in "the street" after official hours, but these are not recognised by the Committee. In the honourable feeling which they have established between themselves, the members of "the House" in the City would probably not suffer much in comparison with those of "the House" at Westminster.

In one respect "the House" in the City is far more exclusive than that at Westminster. It will allow no strangers within its gates; and awe-inspiring tales are told of the fate of those who



MR. C. T. D. CREWS (MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE).

Capel Court, Throgmorton Street, etc., and speak the name of his broker to the burly janitor who stands on the threshold, a speaking-tube by his side, through which he shouts it in stentorian tones. As I have not ventured to brave the terrors of this unknown country, I cannot describe what I have seen with my own eyes. But I am told by an informant in whom I have unquestioning faith that the interior of the "House," from an artistic point of view, is very inferior to that other House, with whose appearance I am fairly familiar. It has white marble walls,

bare of ornament, unless numerous notice boards can be regarded as such, and is consequently sometimes spoken of as "Gorgonzola Hall." There are several rostrums, or call boxes; one to each market, where members are called by the waiter in charge. In the centre is a rostrum, from which all official announcements are made. Round "the House" are seats and desks, the members assem-



ONE OF THE "COHENS."

venture to disregard this solemn edict. Only one little privilege is permitted to the poor member of the public, who, wishing to see his broker on urgent business, finds on inquiry at his office that he is at "the House." The client may venture as far as the portals of the building in



MR. WILLIAM GUNDRY.



bling in groups. These groups constitute the different markets, such as "Heavy Rails" and "Foreign Rails," "Americans" and "Argentines," "Miscellaneous" and "South African Mines." It was explained to the Royal Commission, which, in 1877, inquired into the affairs of the Stock Exchange, that if the public were admitted to the building, there would not be sufficient room in which the dealers, brokers and clerks could properly do their business. But it was not want of room which first led the Stock Exchange to exclude the public, and it is open to question whether this difficulty would be long allowed to exist if the "powers that be"



MR. ERNEST TIDEY.

there were to-day desirous that the public should be able to witness the transactions which are made on their behalf. But with two thousand five hundred to three thousand members and clerks, it can be well understood that on busy days there is little room to spare for spectators. The increase in the membership has had to be twice provided for by extension of the premises. In 1854, when the members numbered about one thousand, as compared with five hundred at the beginning of the century, the sum of £16,000 was spent on increased accommodation. In 1885 another considerable extension of the Stock Exchange was made, rooms being added for reading and



MR. S. BRISTOW.

for settling accounts, and for the meetings of the Managers and of the Committee of General Purposes.

To many people the method of business on the Stock Exchange is doubtless as unfamiliar as the building itself. They may buy or sell stock without knowing

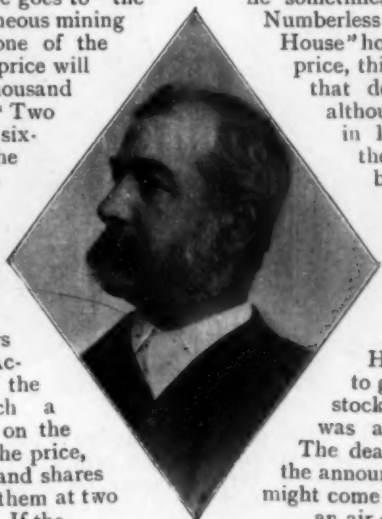


MR. F. ELLISON.

that their broker is merely an intermediary between them and a jobber who engages in the transaction solely for the sake of selling or buying again—at a profit. You instruct a broker to buy, say, one thousand shares in the Idaho Exploration Company. He goes to "the House" to the miscellaneous mining market, and says to one of the dealers there, "What price will you make me in a thousand Idahos?" He replies "Two shillings to two and sixpence," meaning that he will buy them at two shillings or sell them at two shillings and sixpence, the difference in the two prices being what he relies upon to make a profit, whether he buys or sells the shares. According to the rules of the Stock Exchange, such a transaction is binding on the dealer; having given the price, he must buy the thousand shares at two shillings, or sell them at two shillings and sixpence. If the amount of the stock in question is not mentioned, the dealer is bound, after giving a price, to do business to the extent of ten shares, if their market value is above £10

each, and to the extent of one hundred shares, if it does not exceed £1 each. It is obvious, therefore, that a jobber, before replying to the broker's request for a price, would often like to know whether he is a buyer or seller, and, by studying his face, he sometimes tries to "read" him.

Numberless stories are told in "the House" how, in the negotiation of a price, this broker was "done," or that dealer was "sold"; for, although scrupulously honest in keeping to the bargains they have made, the members of the Stock Exchange are ever ready to outwit or outmanœuvre one another in the making of the bargains. Not so very long ago, for example, a broker went into "the House" and asked a dealer to give him a price in a bank stock, the dividend on which was about to be announced. The dealer objected, saying that the announcement of the dividend might come at any moment. With an air of annoyance, the broker said something about wanting to settle up the account of a deceased client. Thinking from this that the broker must necessarily want to sell, the dealer quoted rather a



MR. RICARDO PALMER (MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE).



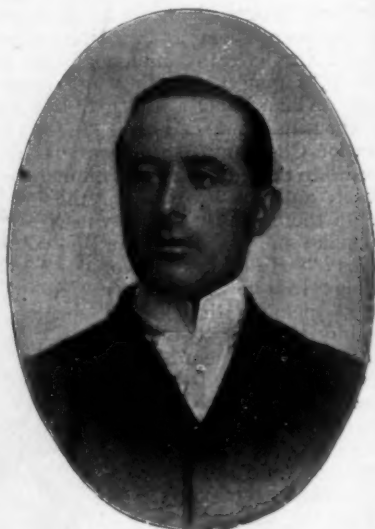
MR. THOMAS EGAN.



MR. J. M. FRIEDBERGER.



MR. M. MARKS.

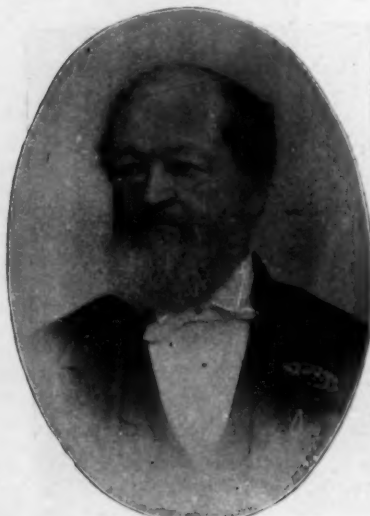


MR. S. G. SHEPPARD.

wide price. "I buy fifty," the other hastily rejoined. A couple of hours later the dividend announcement — a very favourable one — arrived, and the stock rose two. Meeting his fellow member next day, the dealer said to him "I say—, that must have been a very knowing old corpse of yours."

Your broker, having made note of the

transaction in one of the little red books which help to give colour to the scene on 'Change, on returning to his office, sends you what is called a contract note, informing you that he has bought on your account one thousand Idaho shares at two shillings and sixpence for the next Account. "Accounts" occur once a fortnight, and occupy practically three days, the dates



MR. G. J. PYEMONT.



MR. RICHARD WINCH.

being fixed some time in advance by the Committee of General Purposes. On the first day arrangements are made for what stock it may be desired to "carry over" to the next Account; on the second, or "ticket day," names for the stock are passed; whilst on the third day payments have to be made by the dealer to the broker, or *vice versa*. It must be understood that, according to the rules of "the House," a member cannot be both broker and dealer at the same time. The broker is responsible, of course, on Account day to the dealers with whom he has done business, on the one hand, and to the public, on whose behalf it was transacted, on the other. If either jobber or broker fail to meet his engagements on Account day, he is "hammered," to quote the parlance of "the House," or, in the language of the money article, "declared a defaulter." The head waiter—the officials of the Stock Exchange, like those of the Inns of Court, are all called waiters, an undoubted reminiscence of the time when stocks were bought and sold in coffee houses—mounts the rostrum and gives three taps with a wooden mallet; it is a signal of doom, and there is breathless silence as he reads out the name of the member whose credit is no more.

"But when the members fail,  
Why, then the dealers quail,  
For it sets the 'hammer'  
Working up and down."

"Hammering" dates back to very olden times. It is said



MR. H. WEBER.

to have been the device hit upon by stock-brokers about the middle of last century, when they incurred a loss of a quarter of a million of money through the deficiencies of a speculative member. A defaulter at once ceases to be a member of the Stock Exchange; but if he has not violated its rules, or been guilty of any improper conduct, he will probably be re-admitted, as soon as his affairs have been settled, on application being made to the Committee.

The growth in the membership of the Stock Exchange is, of course, only in proportion to the increase of its business under the Companies Act, which, again, has had the effect of dividing it minutely into a number of markets—markets from which a certain number of members, as dealers, never stray, unless they should be willing to incur from their fellow members the reproach of "poaching." "Poaching" has lately been on the increase; a number of jobbers going to the Kaffir Market from all parts of "the House" during the recent "boom" in South African mines. In consequence of the enormous number of stocks and shares with which brokers and jobbers now deal, it is found convenient, in very many cases, to use fancy names for them. As everybody knows, a certain part of the stock of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway is called "Berthas," whilst some of the shares in the South Eastern Railway



MR. L. PAINE.

are spoken of as "Doras." It is much easier to say "Coras" than "Caledonian Deferred Ordinary," and everybody in "the House" knows that this is the stock meant by the name; although only the members of a particular market might be trusted to recollect that when "Kisses" are spoken of reference is made to the shares of the Hotchkiss Ammunition Company. Some verses recently put together by one of the poets of the Stock Exchange illustrate the lengths to which this time-saving practice has been carried. Let me quote the last few lines:—

"Oh, supposing our 'cream jugs' were broken,  
Or 'beetles' were scaring the 'babies,'  
While our 'guns' were in soak in the 'milk cans,'  
And the 'dogs' had gone wild with the 'rabies,'"

In these four lines are mentioned the

tas," possessed a vein of originality for which his fellow members should be duly grateful. How much irritation and bad temper must be saved every day by such convenient and easily-to-be-remembered abbreviations? And it is only on the stage that (as in "On 'Change") a man, on receiving a "wire" from a thoughtful friend advising him to buy "trunks," would be led to invest in a considerable number of packing cases!

The humour which, to some extent, relieves the worry and excitement of Stock Exchange life breaks out, indeed, in various ways. The members are as fond of giving nicknames—such as "Count" and the "Field-Marshal"—to each other as to the stocks and shares in which they deal, and the use of these nicknames occa-



MR. A. G. BEASLEY.



MR. WALTER FALLANT.

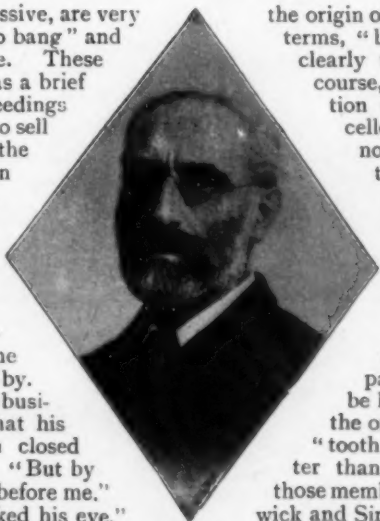
names of half-a-dozen marketable commodities, such as the Charkoff-Krementshag Railway Ordinary Stock, *i.e.*, "cream jugs." It is impossible to say to whom it should be given, but, on the whole, I am inclined to think that those who rechristen new stocks and shares having cumbersome names deserve a great deal of credit for their work. It was in the natural order of things that the shares of Messrs. Bryant and May, when they became a company, should be described as "matches"; but the man who first called the shares of Harrison, Barber and Co. "knackers," and the Deferred Stock of the Railway Investment Company "ves-

sionally leads to amusing incidents. A year or so ago, when a new waiter was engaged to stand at one of the doors, he was innocently induced to call for several members by their nicknames. This got him into some trouble, and the next day, when a member of the public, a client of the gentleman named, asked him to call for "Partridge Greenfield" (the name of a well-known firm), he indignantly replied: "Oh, no, you don't catch me again." In this spirit, an amount of slang has come into use among the Stock Exchange fraternity, which, for its rich variety, is probably unrivalled amongst any similar body of men. Some of these slang terms are



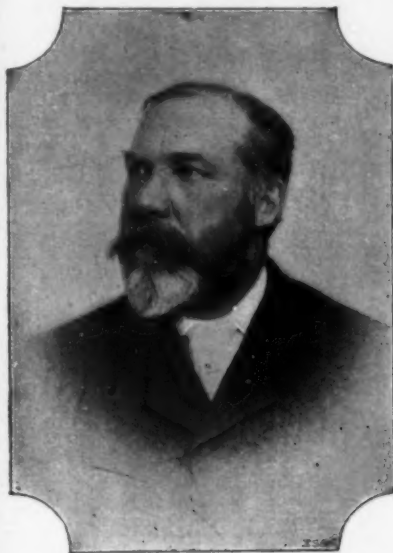
apt, and others, if expressive, are very much the reverse. "To bang" and "to puff," for instance. These would be hard to beat as a brief description of the proceedings of men who loudly offer to sell or to buy stock with the object of running down and running up its price, respectively. Apropos of this practice, a story is told of a Jew dealer who, having "banged" a certain stock, had his offer instantly snapped up by one of the dealers standing by. The Jew refused to do business, however, saying that his offer had already been closed with by another dealer. "But by whom? No one spoke before me." "No, but someone vinked his eye." "What was his name?" "Oh, I never reveal my clients' business," was the reply, and although the man who "vinked" his eye was advertised for all over the house, it is needless to say that he was never found.

On the other hand, it is hard to say how the expression, "it's a jam tart," came to be used when the buyers and sellers of a stock are asking the same price; nor can



ONE OF THE "RAPHAELS."

the origin of the much more familiar terms, "bulls" and "bears" be clearly traced. "Scrip" is, of course, an excellent abbreviation of subscription—so excellent, indeed, that it has now almost passed out of the category of "slang"; and it is easy to understand how a broker who tries to trip a dealer in his prices came to be described as a "picker-up." But it is impossible to say why the one-sixteenth part of a sovereign should be known as a "fiddle," and the one-thirty-second part as a "tooth." Nothing could be better than "orchids" to denote those members, such as Lord Borthwick and Sir Patteson Nickalls, who have handles to their names. The term arose in rather a funny way. The scion of a noble family was once engaged in "the House" as



MR. JOHN PEACH.



MR. NOAH DAVIS.

an authorised clerk, and one day he was heard relating his experiences there to several of his aristocratic friends. "I felt like an orchid in a turnip field," he exclaimed. An example of the broader humour of the Stock Exchange is to be found in the shout, which goes up when

the market is weak and badly needs support, "Buy a prop—buy a prop!"

It is when business is dull, strange as it may seem, that the members of the Stock Exchange seem to be in their best spirits. It is then, of course, that they have time for their

"Jests and youthful jollities,  
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

When there is nothing else to be done, the members are never at a loss for a practical joke. If it is Derby Day, there will be a tug of war, say, between the British and American markets, and by some very frolicsome members tying the rope to a post or suddenly letting go their hold of it, the excitement in this sport is always well sustained. The Fifth of November is always celebrated, too, by a few rollicking spirits, whatever the state of the market. At one time it was customary to raise a subscription beforehand for the purpose of providing a firework display, but the Committee has successfully exerted its authority, I believe, to put a stop to this practice. It is said that on one occasion—the story sounds a little *ben trovato*—the vigilance of the Committee was eluded by the subscription being raised in the name of Mrs. Fawkes, a destitute widow with six children, the organisers of the firework display stating that they would "make a report on Friday." If it becomes known that a member has just taken to himself a wife, he is sure to be greeted with a great tinkling of marriage bells, but in order to avoid this and other attentions, many members take care to keep such circumstances to themselves. Some time ago, the wife of a well-known dealer happened to present him with twins, and news of the occurrence, unhappily for the poor man, was promptly conveyed to the Stock Exchange, which made life a burden to him for days. The greatest victim of the sportive proclivities of "the House" is the member who has become one of the most zealous supporters of "General" Booth. When there is nothing else to be done, and the Salvationist happens to be present, some of the younger members can always amuse themselves by walking in front of him, beating imaginary drums. This gentleman, who comes into the city in uniform and dons mufti at his office, is not personally unpopular, and having a very good nature, is able to take his persecution in excellent part. One of the apocry-

phal anecdotes of "the House" refers to him, I believe. He is said to have walked in one afternoon with the news that "the General has bought all our sins." "I guess he thinks they are going better!" said a shrewd speculator standing by. The time has gone by when much practical joking can be indulged in at the expense of very ignorant members, but it is not so long since this afforded a never-failing source of amusement. During the Crimean War, for example, one of these members (who was said to have obtained the little education he possessed by attending a night school for a week) went into the Consols market and asked whether anything was doing. "No, nothing much," replied one of the dealers; "but it is reported that the Russians have taken umbrage—" "The deuce they have," replied the broker, and straightway went round, declaring that the Russians had captured Umbrage. A little later he was anxiously inquiring where it was to be found on the map. Within the last few years an H-less member has been found going about "the House" with a piece of paper attached to his back, on which was written, parodying an announcement in the *Times*, "The wife of 'Enery . . . of a sun and air."

With the improving education of its members, the rough humour of the Stock Exchange is being supplemented by wit, in writing and in speech, which is occasionally of an excellent quality. Every event of any interest in "the House" now calls forth a pun or an epigram. One of the best went the round when Baron Grant obtained his title:—

"Monarchs grant titles, but honour they can't;  
Rank without honour makes a (barren) Baron Grant."

Only a few weeks ago the case of the "Empire" was prolific in such rhymes, but those, I heard, were hardly worthy of the theme. As a good example of the art of one of the best punsters in "the House," the following must be given. It was perpetrated, of course, at the time the present King of Spain came into the world, and has reference to a well-known dealer in the stocks of that country. "In consequence of the birth of a King of Spain, the Spanish market now rejoices in its Aronson (heir and son). The condition of the markets is often described in language much more vigorous than that of the financial writers for the newspapers,

as witness the following ebullition from one of the mining group:

"United Mex doth me perplex,  
Mysore is quite as bad;  
The Potosi doth worry me,  
But Del Rey drives me mad."

Many of the topical songs of the hour get parodied on the Stock Exchange, and of this style of humour this is a fair specimen:

"Wabash Pref. will go to par  
By-and-by.  
Atlantic First much higher far,  
By-and-by.  
And you'll not be able to  
Buy for cash, whate'er you do,  
Invert. Sugar or Peru  
By-and-by."

There are some jokes on the Stock Exchange which have now been quite done to death. Of this order is the remark (on a very hot day), that "last winter I picked up a very good thing. It stood at 33; now it's 84." "Indeed, what was that?" "A thermometer." Another delicate allusion to the weather is made when a man says that he knows something which is bound to fall during the next three months. If his interlocutor is a new member, and inquires "What?" he will calmly reply "The rain."

The boisterous humour and the rough horseplay of which the Stock Exchange is the scene have led some people to form a very unfavourable opinion of the manners of the men who frequent it. But there is another aspect to the matter. It is evident that a body of men, among whom occur such outbreaks of wild spirits, must be on excellent terms; if, as is sometimes said, their behaviour is worthy of a number of school boys, it must also be remembered that the same *esprit de corps* which prevails in a good school also prevails on the Stock Exchange. It is of no importance to the public that members should play absurd pranks on each other, or even that the great hall should sometimes resemble a football field. But it is of some importance to the public that, as I have said, the word of one member should be as good as his bond to another; such mutual confidence facilitates business far more than the public may suspect.

This spirit of good fellowship, which, for the four hours a day—from 11 to 3—that "the House" is open, survives the fiercest rivalry and the hardest bargain

driving, has led to the establishment of two notable institutions, the Stock Exchange Clerks' Benevolent Society and the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. The first is generously supported by all sorts and conditions of brokers and dealers; a remarkable earnest of this was given a few years ago, when a big concert was organised for the benefit of the society, and the 5s. tickets went to 25s. premium. It was the success of this concert, I believe, at which all the talent was provided in "the House," that suggested the idea of the Orchestral Society. The prosperous career of this society, composed entirely of members of the Stock Exchange, proves that the art of music can be successfully pursued in conjunction with that of money-making. Its pioneers were Messrs. J. Delamere, G. D. Atkins, H. B. Harris, A. W. W. Whitefield, F. M. Albert, G. Kitchin and J. F. H. Reed, names with which visitors to the excellent concerts, periodically given by the society at Prince's Hall, will doubtless be familiar. The ruling passion, by the way, asserts itself in "the House" even respecting these concerts. There is sometimes a brisk business done in the tickets, and "What will you make me in three 7s. 6d. tickets?" is not an uncommon inquiry about the time of one of the concerts.

Of recent years the Stock Exchange has also been distinguished by a great devotion to athletic sports, and among its members are legions of enthusiastic cricketers, cyclists, oarsmen and tennis-players. It has produced, perhaps, more "champions" than any similar institution—among others Mr. Lacy Hillier, the cyclist, and Mr. H. Lawford, the tennis-player.

As an institution, the Stock Exchange is the subject of frequent criticism, but in this article I have purposely avoided any controversial points. Cynicism, blended with much good nature, may be said to be its predominant note, and members of "the House" would certainly not pretend to the virtue of archangels. But, on the other hand, their position in the State is secure from such an attack as Lord Chatham made upon them when he referred to "the cannibals of Change Alley," and "the Asiatic plunderers of Leadenhall Street."



# THE HOUSE OF WAX & WANE

By EDWIN HUGHES, B.A., Author of "An Abostle of Freedom," &c. &c.

**W**HAT freak of fortune it was that brought Wax and Wane together I know not. The name of the house was blazoned over no shop-front; there was no window filled with sparkling stones and ornaments of gold to proclaim that Wax and Wane were jewellers, for they did their business in Hatton Garden, and they were diamond merchants.

And many and profitable must have been their transactions, for the Thames-side mansion, where Wax dispensed his hospitality, and over which his only daughter presided, was as fine a specimen of a gentleman's abode as you could well find between Richmond and Oxford; and Wane House, down Enfield way, was replete with every modern comfort.

Wax and Wane were the very antitheses of their names, for Wax was little, old and lean, and clearly on the down grade, whilst Wane was a middle-aged, florid, handsome man, with regard to whose life any Insurance Company would have been pleased to issue a policy.

Providence had blessed the one with a daughter, and the other with a son, and what more natural than that these two should be united, and thus the house of Wax and Wane be carried on in perpetuity. And truth to tell this arrangement would have been in perfect consonance with the young people's feelings; and had Jack

Wane but had his own way, the pretty, piquant, charming Winnie, would speedily have changed her name to Winnie Wane.

But there was a lion in the path, and the name of the lion was Wax. To begin with, James Wane had taken the liberty, the unpardonable liberty, of sending his son to a public school without consulting the senior partner, and, moreover, when the youth should have been brought into the office and taught his trade (for somehow, with old Wax, a spade was a spade), Wane sent him to Oxford, and from Oxford he came back with the polish that a university always puts upon such material as will take it.

And Jack Wane was of the right stuff; open-hearted, generous and as handsome as an Apollo Belvidere.

But old Wax would have none of him. "Brains! Yes. Maybe!" he grunted, when Wane was singing his boy's praises. "But what's the use of his brains to us, when he can't tell an opal from an onyx, and when he's as likely as not to buy paste and pay for diamonds?"

No! unless there was a marked improvement in the young man's ways—unless he showed that devotion to the interests of the House that the head of the House had a right to expect, he should never have his daughter.

Jack Wane did his best, and his best turned out a lamentable failure, and the

climax came, and with it the end of his commercial career, when he one day concluded a bargain that let the house in for more than a thousand pounds.

"I'm not meant for the business, dad," he said sorrowfully to his father on the night when his failure was proclaimed. "Give me a cheque and let me be off to the Colonies. Thank God, I am young and strong, and there's wealth to be made over there, and I'll come home, as the song goes, 'with my pockets full of money,' and Winnie shall yet be your daughter."

And so there was a secret meeting under the trees, beside the quiet river, and Jack went away to dig for diamonds, or whatever might turn up, in the wilds of South Africa, and there were left behind a sad-eyed maiden and a loving father, who waited and watched for the letters that were so few and far between.

For matters went badly with Jack Wane. Little by little the money that he had brought with him slipped away, and he was too proud to write for more; and a row in which he was involved, very nearly finished him altogether by handing him over to the tender mercies of the hangman. A hot, blazing afternoon and their usual run of ill-luck had made the party of four to which he belonged ripe and ready for a quarrel, and some chance expression kindled the conflict, and when the affair was over, one of their number lay dead; and whilst two of the survivors received terms of imprisonment, Jack Wane left the court with a much besmirched reputation.

Thankful, indeed, was old Wax that his daughter had not been given to this desperado; and the very thought that the fellow was still alive and might turn up at any moment, served as a stimulus in urging him to carry out the scheme he



THERE WAS A SECRET MEETING UNDER THE TREES.

had in view for Winnie's future happiness.

And this scheme was to marry her to Hiram Wilson, the firm's oldest and most trusty traveller, a man who had been with them for years, and who, according to the opinion of Wax, had always walked in the way in which he should go.

He was a silent, steady, good-looking man, this Wilson; middle-aged and clever at his trade; and, since young Wane had turned out so badly, Wilson should take his place, and should change his name and call himself Wilson-Wax, with a hyphen.

Wilson, like Barkis, was willing; and as for poor Winnie, she was told of the arrangement, and expected to dutifully obey; and the alliance would have been consummated most certainly, but for an



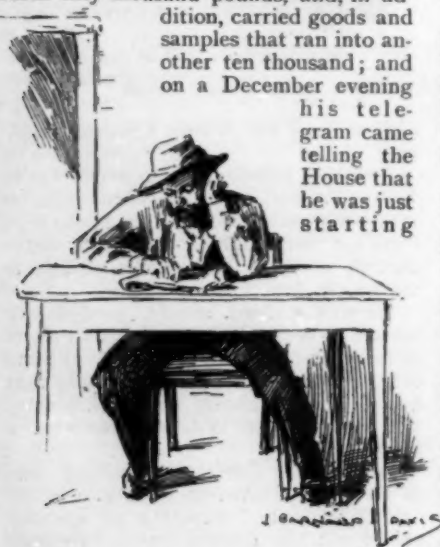
event that cast a gloom over all England, and gave the House of Wax and Wane a blow from which, those who knew said, it would never recover.

For many years Lady Kilraye had been one of their best patrons, for her ladyship had a perfect passion for diamonds; and, whenever the House came across a stone of more than ordinary beauty, they generally notified the good lady, and sent it for her inspection.

Now, it fell out at this particular Christmastide that Lady Kilraye went to the North of Scotland; and before leaving London, she had entrusted nearly the whole of her jewels, including the famous tiara, to the care and keeping of Wax and Wane. But the women of to-day are much as they were in the days of Virgil, of the "varium et mutabile" description; and, so it came about that, no sooner was Lady Kilraye settled at Kilraye Castle, than she sent off a mandate to the firm, bidding them send her her jewels by a trusty messenger, and insure them for their full value before so doing.

Now the House of Wax and Wane had a very simple system of insurance. They constituted themselves the insurance company, and pocketed the premium; for what risk could there be with such a reliable, steady fellow as Wilson? And so Wilson departed with the diamonds, that were worth fifty thousand pounds, and, in addition, carried goods and samples that ran into another ten thousand; and on a December evening

his telegram came telling the House that he was just starting



PORING OVER AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

on the last stage of his journey; and the train he travelled by was that ill-fated one that went down with the Tay Bridge. Everyone remembers the wild tempest of that night, and the awful plunge the train took as it carried its shrieking passengers into the river and eternity; and that plunge brought the House of Wax and Wane to the very verge of ruin, and Wax Hall and Wane House were as effectually swallowed up in the crash as the Kilraye diamonds had been in the wild waters of the Tay.

Four years had passed since that terrible disaster which almost assumed the proportions of a national calamity; and, strange as it may seem, there were yet portions of Her Majesty's dominions in which the story had not been heard.

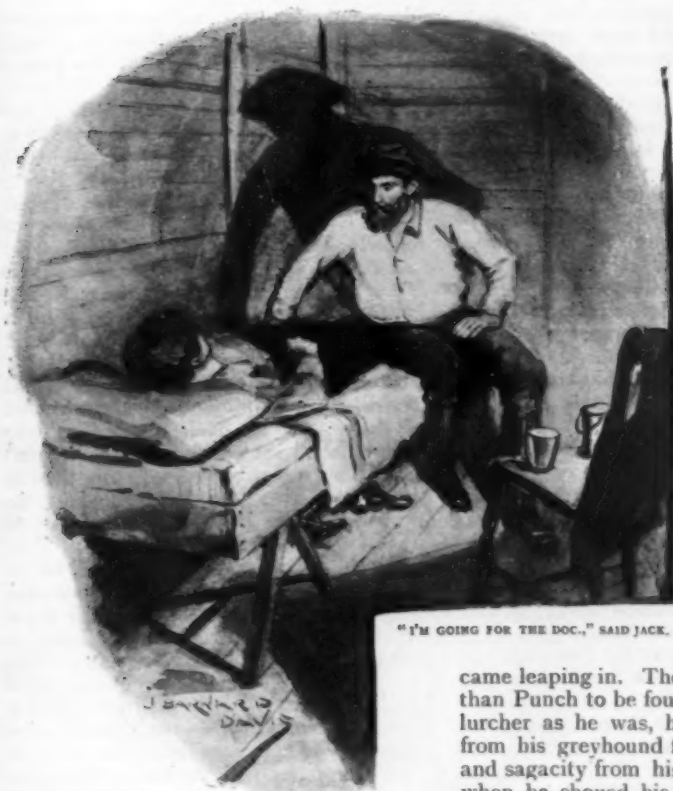
In a hut, on the edge of a clearing in the Australian bush, a man was sitting poring over an old newspaper. He was reading the names of those who had perished that wild December night, and the finger that was running down the list was stayed when it reached the name of Hiram Wilson; for it was Jack Wane who was reading.

When he had sat and stared for some time at the familiar words, he turned, with a sigh, to the paragraph below, and there he read of the loss that had come upon the House of Wax and Wane.

"Poor old dad!" he muttered; "and poor little Winnie!" and stifling the sob that was rising, and dashing his hand across his eyes, he went to the box that held all that was still precious to him, and, rummaging amongst its contents, pulled out an old soiled album.

"Yes, there's the dad," he said, looking down on the smiling, handsome face, "and there's Winnie," and presently the pictures grew blurred, and when he looked out across the clearing, he saw the monotonous foliage of the evergreen wattle and gum trees through a mist of tears. It would have been hard to recognise the once handsome Jack Wane in the bearded man that sat there, bronzed by the blaze of the southern sun; and one would have had to scratch deeply to have got through the bush crust that had been laid on so liberally, and to have come upon the old Oxford polish.

With the brand of a verdict akin to the cowardly "not proven," he had shaken off the dust of Africa and had penetrated



"I'M GOING FOR THE DOC.," SAID JACK.

into the wilds of the Australian Bush; and after all these years of trouble and turmoil, he was nothing better than a stock-rider; and, with the exception of the man who brought the supplies from the distant station, and of an odd tramp who now and then strayed so far afield, he saw no human being but his hut-keeper, Mike.

They were simply Mike and Jack to each other. Their surnames had been laid aside with their past, and as for their future—speaking of it as we usually do—well, they had none! The common round, the daily task, furnished them with plenty of employment and food for conversation; and when they sat and smoked in the evening, with their pannikins of grog beside them, they either played a game of "spoiled fives," or in silence each took his own way down the back-track of the past. That morning, when Jack had buckled on his spurs and had caught up

his stock-whip, Mike laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Ye're not well, avick. Bide here, and I'll go the round;" and, without more ado, Mike rode off and was gone for the day; and, refreshed by the sleep that came to him and to beguile the long, lonely hours of the afternoon, Jack had hunted up the old papers that had been wrapped round their last supplies. The blazing sun had gone down, the hot wind that had been blowing all day had lost its sting, and the moon had sailed up over the tree-tops, when Mike's dog

came leaping in. There was no better dog than Punch to be found in the bush; for, lurcher as he was, he took his fleetness from his greyhound father and his scent and sagacity from his collie mother; and when he shoved his muzzle into Jack's hand, he brought that individual out of his reverie and back again to the every-day world. Muttering to himself, "Poor old Mike'll be hungry," Jack raked the fire together, set the billy on; and, cutting some of the choicest bits from the sheep that was hanging up outside, he put them in the pan ready to be cooked when he heard Mike's coo-ee.

But Mike never coo-ee'd, and, by a thorough bushman, as Jack had now become, Punch's meaning was as easy to read as though the dog had been gifted with speech; and it was with a sinking heart that Jack saddled his horse and bade the dog "go show;" and in less than an hour he found Mike, lying white and still, at the bottom of a little gully, down the side of which horse and rider had rolled.

A taste of rum revived the injured man.

"Are you much hurt, Mike?" asked Jack.

"It's my arrum that's bruk, and my head's whirling round;" and, shutting his

eyes again, Mike remembered nothing more until he found himself lying on his rough bed in the hut, with Jack bending over him.

"I'm going for the doc., Mike," said Jack: it's thirty miles there and thirty back; and if I've luck, we'll be here by sun-up. See, here's some rum and cold tea; you can reach the pannikin with your right hand, and Punch is under the bed. So long, old chap."

And so Jack went off for his sixty miles ride. When the last hoof strokes had died away, delirium came upon Mike apace, and he was soon far away from Australia and busy with his boyhood's days, when a stranger, on a thoroughbred horse, entered the clearing and rode up to the open door of the hut.

No, he was not the conventional bush-ranger, and he did not rap on the door with the butt-end of his pistol and call upon the inmates to "bail-up." He was only a belated traveller, had missed the track, and had been lucky enough to happen upon a dwelling. As he got down, he could hear poor Mike's muttering, and, peering into the inner room, he saw by the flare of the mutton-dip that Jack had lit before he started, the figure of the sick man tossing to and fro.

"What's up, mate?" he asked, but answer came there none, unless the words of the old Irish song, "Oh, I'd mourn the hopes that lave me," could be taken as an answer.

Approaching the bed, the stranger saw the rude attempts at surgery. The broken arm had got adrift, and when it had been once more secured and tenderly laid down, the stranger took the dry cloth from Mike's head, and soaking it with spirit from his flask, laid it on the hot forehead and throbbing tem-

ples; and when this had been done many times, the light of delirium that had blazed in his eyes gave way to the look of reason.

"Is it you, avick?" said Mike; and then, catching sight of the stranger's face, he muttered, "Are ye the doc.? Where's Jack?"

"I'm not the doctor," said the stranger; "I've lost my way, but if anyone's gone for help, I'll wait here by you."

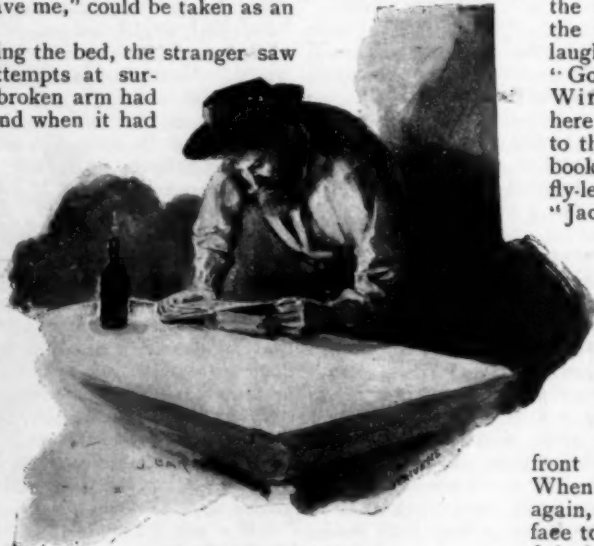
"You'll have to help yourself," said Mike, with true bush hospitality. "There's mutton outside, and damper, and rum, or tay, av ye like it better. Oh! my head. Wet the rag agin for the love of God!"

Presently he grew quieter and seemed to sleep, and slipping out, the stranger led his horse to the back of the hut, and when he had seen to his beast's comfort and had given him a feed from the bag that he carried at his saddle-bow, he slipped on the hobbles and left it to itself.

When he had eaten and drunk, he sat down in the moon-lit room to smoke the pipe of peace. On the table lay the paper that Jack had been reading, and the album was close beside it, and presently, when his pipe had gone out, he hunted up a candle, and drawing the album towards him in a listless fashion, turned over a few pages. The light was but a dim one, but it was strong enough for him to recognise

the merry-face of the girl who was laughing up at him. "Good Heavens! Winnie's photo here?" and turning to the front of the book, he read on the fly-leaf the name "Jack Wane."

For half an hour or more, he sat there in silence, with the pipe between his teeth; and then he went out and strode to and fro in front of the hut. When he came in again, the look on his face told of the wild fight he had had with

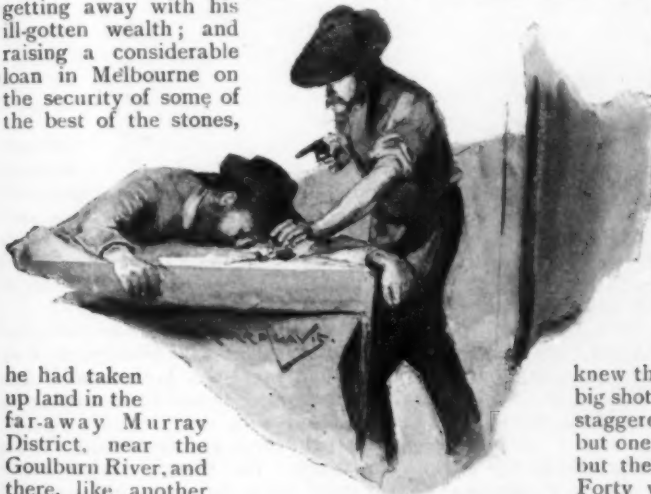


"WINNIE'S PHOTO HERE?"

the devil, and Hiram Wilson, for he it was, sat down at the rude table, to make what amends he could for the wrong he had done to the house of Wax and Wane.

The envelopes of some letters that he took from his valise, and the stump of a lead pencil, furnished him with writing materials. It was a long and a hard task, the making of that confession, but never sparing himself in the least, he told how he had missed that ill-fated train, and how, knowing the House would suppose him to have been lost, he had yielded to the temptation that had come in his way, and, changing his name, had taken passage for Australia.

He had not the slightest difficulty in getting away with his ill-gotten wealth; and raising a considerable loan in Melbourne on the security of some of the best of the stones,



A MAN RUSHED INTO THE HUT.

he had taken up land in the far-away Murray District, near the Goulburn River, and there, like another Midas, all he touched seemed to turn into gold. He was now a wealthy man, and his journey to Melbourne had been made for the very purpose of redeeming the jewels. These he now determined to restore and by the hand of Jack Wane, and he further proposed to pay interest on the value of what he had taken, and to send the money home at the end of the year.

When he had finished his confession he went into the inner room. Mike was sleeping quietly, but awoke at Wilson's touch. "Can you understand me?" asked Wilson. Mike nodded. "Then try and remember this. I shall leave a parcel for your mate. It means everything in the world to him, so I shall wrap it up and put it under your pillow. I

shall fasten a note to your shirt, so that he'll see it when he comes to you, and if you're not able to tell him where the parcel is, the note will."

Mike was wide awake now, and perfectly conscious; and through the chinks of the rough wooden partition he saw Wilson sit down to write the letter; and when this had been done, he saw him take a curious belt from beneath his shirt, and presently something flashed and glowed in the light of the little candle until Mike began to think that the man held a star in his fingers. While he was still gazing spell-bound at the jewel there was a flash and a report, and, as Wilson fell forward, a man rushed into the hut, and almost

before Mike could realise what had happened, the fellow had snatched the diamond from Wilson's fingers and the belt from the table and was gone.

"See to him, Punch!" cried Mike; and with a strength begotten of fury, he rolled off the bed and rushed into the other room. A long, single-barrelled gun stood in the corner. Mike

knew that it was loaded with big shot, and catching it up he staggered to the door. He had but one arm to depend upon; but the gun was fairly light. Forty yards away the thief was making for cover as fast as his horse could take him,

when Mike sighted him in the clear moon-light and fired. For a second the fellow reeled in his saddle, as though he must fall; but, straightening himself again, he disappeared in the shade of a clump of wattles.

It was Mike's turn to play the doctor.

Hiram Wilson had slipped on to the floor, and Mike, tearing his shirt to pieces, stooped over him, and did his best to staunch the flow of blood. But his little stock of strength was fast ebbing away; the hut began to go round and round with him; not another strip could he tear with teeth or fingers, and, slowly sinking down, he lay with his head on the breast of the man he was trying so gallantly to save; and there, with the first rays of God's sun

shining aslant upon them through the open hut-door, Jack and the doctor found them.

Mike was the first to recover, and the confession that lay on the table, and which had cost so much time and effort to produce, told Jack who the stranger was. How many times, he wondered, had he heard of the Kilraye diamonds, and where were they now—for the most diligent search failed to reveal any trace of them in the hut or in Wilson's valise. But Mike was gaining strength every minute, and presently his story was told:

"Jack, my boy, ye must ride the devil down. The dog's on his track; and av he was to hide himself in hell, though shure he wouldn't go to a place so aisy to foind, Punch ud follow him."

There was only one horse that was fresh, and that was Wilson's; and in the excitement of finding the two men apparently dead, Jack had not taken much notice of it; but running round now to the back of the hut, he saw that the stallion standing there was one of the finest he had seen since leaving England. He was a bright bay, with black points, and stood nearly sixteen hands, with a head that was faultless from the tip of the silky ear to the pink of the perfect nostril and the lustre of the big, kind eye. A trifle short in the back, perhaps, but how well ribbed up, and what quarters, and what a shoulder, with its bunches of muscle and its grand proportions; and his legs as clean as a whistle, with their long, powerful stifles and sinews as strong as steel.

A noble horse, and as worthy to run for the Kilraye Stakes as ever his Fisherman forefathers were to struggle for the blue ribbon of the turf as they swept down the green slopes of Epsom; and when, presently, he had shaken off his stiffness and warmed to his work, the long, steady, stealing stride made Jack's blood dance as he dashed through the fresh morning air.

It was a ride for "England, Home and Beauty," and little did those two shabby men, far away "in London town," dream that the fortunes of the House of Wax and Wane depended on the strength and bottom of a gallant horse and the skill and pluck of their cast-off Jack.

The track that Jack was following led on to what was known as the Big Plain, and it was clear that the thief was making for Waranga, for the turf was soft from the recent long and heavy rains, and there were the hoof-marks of his horse, plain

enough. Suddenly, Jack pulled up. "I've got him!" he said to himself; "his horse is dead lame!" and sure enough, it was easy to see how softly the near fore-foot was being put down.

"Come on, old man!" and Jack patted the reeking neck of his mount and set him going again; and in less than an hour, he reached the bluff and looked out over the plain.

Not more than a mile off, a man was riding as for his life, and the way he was lifting his horse told its own tale. A hundred yards behind a dog was striding along.

Picture to yourself the enthusiasm of the fox-hunter when Reynard breaks cover and pushes for the open. Turn the fox into a man and his brush into diamonds and you will have some idea of Jack's feelings as, pressing his willing horse to the full of his speed, he swept out over the plain on his man-hunt.

Black Burke was game to the backbone, and when it came to him, as come it speedily did, that escape was impossible, he pulled up, and cursing the shot that had winged him, and had left him only his right arm, he took the reins in his teeth, and slipping out his revolver, awaited the onset.

But there was one foe to be reckoned with, and that Burke had forgotten ever since he had first seen Jack; and Punch turned the scale of the fight, for never pausing, and with every bristle up, he sprang at the man, and fastened his teeth in his thigh. No mortal nerves could have stood such pain as that and not flinched; and so the bullet went wide, and, next moment, dog, horses and men lay in a struggling heap on the plain. A few wild plunges, but with never a lash out, and Jack and his panting horse stood up; but Black Burke lay there with his neck broken, and over him stood the dog, and presently Jack held in his hand the belt with the Kilraye diamonds.

When he reached the hut, after his long ride, it was to hear from the doctor that, with care, both the patients would get well; and when, some weeks later, he bade them good-bye, there was every hope that they would soon be convalescent.

\* \* \*

"The first on the right, and mind the top stair," and, pushing open the rickety door, Jack looked in upon the heads of the House of Wax and Wane, and he saw





"WHAT! DON'T YOU KNOW ME, DAD?"

that, if the one was fast going to the dogs, the other was making a bee-line to a still more undesirable place.

"What! Don't you know me, dad?"

"Why! It is—it is Jack, my son!" and there flashed up into the sorrow-stricken face something of the old look of pride and love, and when they had heard his story, the "prodigal" father laid his head on his son's bosom and wept, and old Wax laid his on the table and cried like a child.

The wedding presents were numerous; and, although Lady Kilraye's beautiful

gift (diamonds, of course) was far and away the most costly, there were two others that came from Australia and that were more to Jack than all the rest. The one was a stock-whip, with a curiously carved handle; and it came from Mike Morris, overseer to the great landowner, Hiram Holt (for he still kept the name he had adopted); and the other was a spray of diamonds and turquoise, bearing the legend: "Forget and Forgive."

And so it came to pass, after all, that the House of Wax and Wane, once more took root, and grew and flourished exceedingly.

# Ancient Pipes and Pipe Smokers.

*A Revival of an Old Discussion.*

By DR. P. H. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

"Of lordly man, how humbling is the type,  
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe!  
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,  
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,  
His food the herb to fill the hollow bowl,  
Death is the stopper; Ashes end the whole."

(Lines engraved on Lord Chatham's tobacco box.)

WHEN, in 1855, the Rev. Charles Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho!" he made popular one of the greatest truisms ever uttered in defence of the "divine herb." It will be remembered that on pages 271 and 272 of the first volume of that work he expresses himself in the following words:

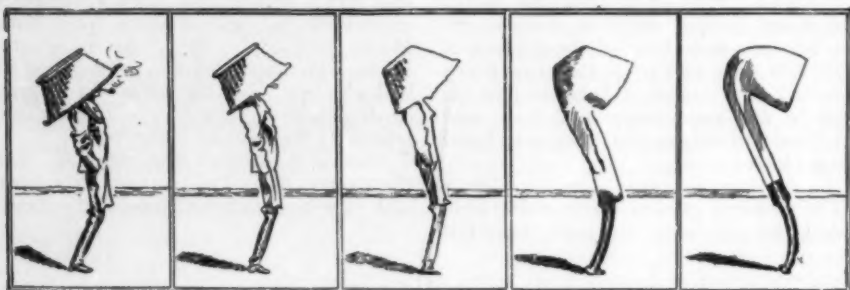
"Ah! sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating; and therefore, sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties; and no wonder, for when all things were made, none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of Heaven."

Fully as I endorse the foregoing, it is not my purpose in this present paper to

write so freely upon tobacco itself as of that "little tube of mighty power," which Isaac Hawkins Browne immortalised in a quaint though rhapsodical poem in 1736. My mission is rather to speak of the pipe and its evolution, not necessarily from a humorous point of view, but nevertheless in lighter vein, and this I shall proceed to do *sans cérémonie*.

I dismiss with but a slight reference the original and primitive form of tobacco pipe used by the Indians of the Western Continent; as everyone knows, they employed a hollow forked cane or reed, thus Y, about 5 inches long, and having pushed the forked ends up their nostrils, buried the single end in a mass of smouldering tobacco, laid upon the earth, and then inhaled the fumes of it. It is not that ugly article, nor the savage system of the smoking through it, which concerns me; I rather confine my attention to the evolution of the pipe *proper* (as we know it), from its early stage to the period which, without committing itself, a contemporary magazine describes as "the present day."

In the universal school of tobacco-writers, which does the present scribe the honour to include him as an authority, there are many differences of opinion as to whether the modern shape of the tobacco



THE PIPE AND ITS EVOLUTION.



A BLACKFOOT'S PIPE.

pipe is or is not of American origin. Some incline to the accepted and popular theory, while others contend, and often with great vehemence, that the Eastern Hemisphere has every right to the claim. I am sadly afraid that I, figuratively, sit between two stools, because each of the two parties produces evidence which at (quoting again) "the present day" is almost powerful enough to be incontrovertible. The trouble is to decide upon the respective merits of each contention, and in view of this, I lay before my readers a few engravings of ancient pipes, with explanatory particulars to each, in the hope they may prove interesting enough to enable them to make their own deductions.

About the earliest trace we find in America of the pipe proper, in its more modern shape, is that of the Blackfoot tribe of redskin Indians, and of which a rather fine engraving is shown above. It was made of "red pipe-stone," which is something like jasper, although how they came by this material is rather a mystery, because the Blackfeet live far away from the Pipestone Mountains, in fact, at the sources of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains, and they usually make their pipes of talc or steatite—the so-called soapstone. Their pipes, however, are always distinctive, so there can be no possible mistake about the authenticity of that depicted; they are never hammer-shaped, like those of the Sioux, but pear-shaped, with a cubic base. The pipe from which our engraving was

drawn was imperfect when found, and authorities place its date at about 1585, behind which period nothing definite on American pipe matters has yet been discovered, and, *inter alia*, legend cannot count for much in the way of proof when compared with inanimate articles.

Of almost concurrent date, though probably later than 1600, is the elegantly-outlined typical pipe of the W-Jassone, or Oneidas, of which we are fortunate in giving a pictorial representation below. *En passant*, it is reported that this relic is of priceless value. The tribe alluded to are an offshoot of the Mengwe, or Iroquois, and when translated into English, their name means "Stone-pipe Manufacturers." They make their pipe-bowls of the red pipe-stone which is indigenous to their territory; and considering the inadequate tools they use, their work is simply marvellous. The most difficult part is, of course, the hollowing of the bowls and boring of the stems; and the method adopted for these purposes is as painstaking as it is ingenious. When the bowls have been cut and polished by flints and the friction of tree barks, etc., a tiny hole is made in the top of the stone, and into this the would-be pipe maker inserts the point of a stick of hard wood; then, by the aid of water and sand of varying coarseness, the bowl is drilled out by rolling the stick between the hands in the same manner as the waiters at the Swiss restaurants revolve the beater in the chocolate pot before pouring out the beverage.

Here, then, we have disposed of the earliest American pipes as *pipes*; with tobacco as tobacco, or the customs relating thereto we have not to do at this juncture; we know of the "firebrands" which the two sailors sent by Columbus in the first week of November, 1492, reported to their commander, but "firebrands" are *not* pipes, and it is the pipe, the whole pipe and nothing but the pipe which forms the text of the present article. If there was any wish to depart from it, a quotation might be included from Masson, who declared that Nanah, the Prophet of the Sikhs, who was born in 1419 and died before the time of Columbus, prohibited smoking by a se-



AN ONEIDAS PIPE.

vere decree. Rumours galore, assertions, affirmations, declarations and what not have been put forward from time to time in favour of the Chinese origin of tobacco-smoking, but proofs—actual proofs—have never been forthcoming. Sceptics have invariably demanded either pipes or else sculptures or engravings of pipes or pipe-smokers, endorsed by data which could be verified. True, there have been found engravings on ancient Chinese altars depicting men smoking, but positive proof of date has not been forthcoming on demand—probably because of the difficulty Western nations have always experienced when investigating matters exclusively Chinese.

The best proofs, however, of those who claim the Old World for the habitat of the "kingly plant" come from the Con-



A PRIESTLY PIPE SMOKER.

Now, Mithra was prominently connected with fire worship—that is admitted—therefore it is contended that the ancient use of tobacco was co-relevant with the old rites of the fire worshippers. But, presuming that we accept this theory, we are still met by the absence of date. It is this same thing, or want of it, which so ruthlessly upsets many of the theories of the champions of the Old-World origin.

Here we have an engraving from a photo of the ancient iron pipe unearthed at Ottenhausen, Switzerland, by some anonymous person at an uncertain date during the sixteenth century, since when it has reposed in a local museum. "*It is certainly much older than the date at which it was found,*" writes a modern historian, who, translating from the original, comments upon the Ottenhausen iron curiosity in peculiarly odd diction. He writes, without the slightest reference as to whom is meant by the pronoun "he" in his remarks: "he noticed a difference at the first glance, so he next examined the strata of the ground in which the pipe was found; and after this, he studied some historical records, perhaps, and then, finally, he put one and two together, and this brought him to the conclusion that the pipe had been made and smoked many years before the discovery of the American continent by Christopher Columbus."

In 1860, the late Dr. B. Westerhoff, a celebrated nicotinian-antiquarian and curiosity-hunter, published an exceedingly learned book on ancient pipes of all kinds. It was copiously illuminated by representations of old pipes of European origin, some of which are almost too ugly to calmly look at. Though printed in Dutch and now unobtainable, it is the



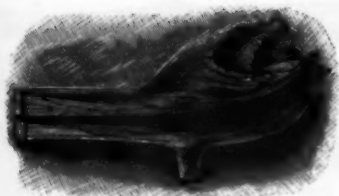
SWISS (MADE OF IRON).

continent of Europe, and their discoveries of ancient pre-Columbian pipes materially favour their efforts. The value of these relics does not rest so much upon the make, shape or material of which they are composed as in the strata in which they have been found, and it is a remarkably potent fact that in the majority of these "finds," it has been claimed that the strata were such as to absolutely preclude all possibility of them having been placed there AFTER the discovery of America.

Of all the European countries which adduce proofs, Holland and Germany are the most prolific. In 1826, in the little village of Heddersheim, near Frankfort, a huge bas-relief was found in the ruins of an old Roman temple sacred to Mithra, the Persian divinity who was the ruler of the Universe (corresponding to the Roman Sol), and at the lower corner of the right hand side of this, there was, among other representations, the head of a priest placidly smoking a pipe similar to the inevitable cutty of modern times.



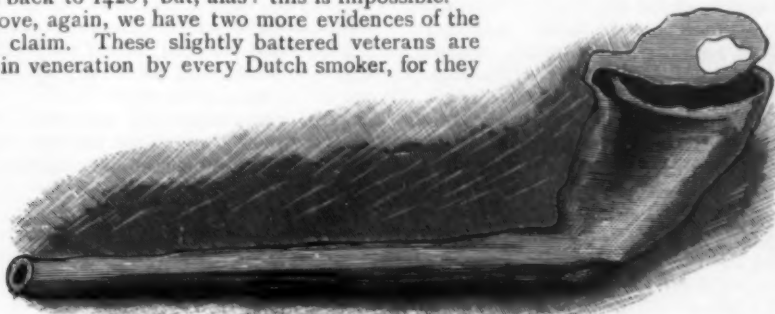
DR. WESTERHOFF'S FAMOUS "DE BREEDE."



FOUND IN A DUTCH CEMETERY.

best of all the works which advocate the O'd World claims, and I am indebted to it or three of my accompanying illustrations, particularly that of the Doctor's own great curiosity, which appears at the bottom of the previous page. I wish that clever gentleman had been able to adduce stronger support for his theory that the damaged bowl of the clay pipe, which was unearthed at De Breede, Holland, really dates back to 1420; but, alas! this is impossible.

Above, again, we have two more evidences of the same claim. These slightly battered veterans are held in veneration by every Dutch smoker, for they



BARON DE DONSTETTEN'S "SILENT WITNESS," WITH COVERED BOWL.

were discovered in the summer of 1855 in the province of Gröningen, Holland, on the site of an ancient burying ground. As will be noticed, the smaller bowl bears traces of having been smoked—or, at least, burnt in some way—while the other, which has also been burnt, is not only of different shape, but in a much better state of preservation. Unfortunately, these specimens bear no distinctive marks upon them except those left by age; so it is not possible to guess from their appearances, with any hope of success, at their exact period. They were not found in a grave, but simply in



THE TURKISH CHIBOUQUE.

the burial ground itself, which, at 1855, "had not been used for interments for three hundred and fifty years, or thereabouts;" so that it is a mystery whether the pipes date back to or before 1500, or were buried there since. However, it is quite certain that the cemetery was used by pre-Columbian Hollanders, so it is just possible that the pipes may be genuine ancient "puffers" after all.



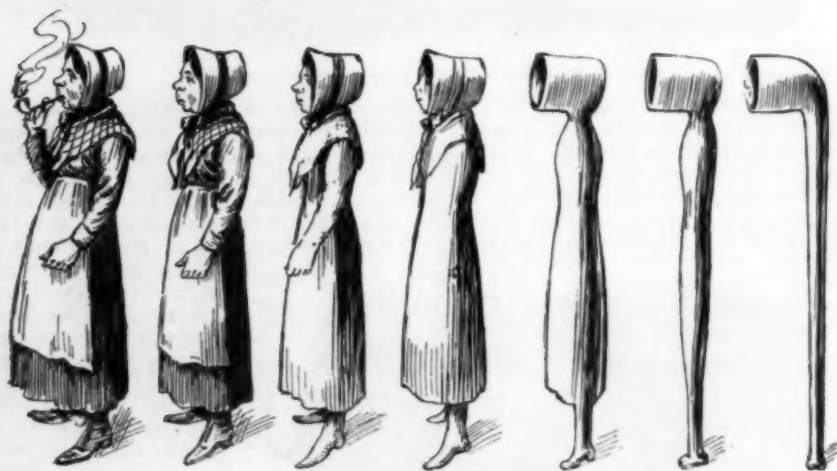


"PIPE-OF-EASE" OF THE ORIENTALS.

It has been said, with truth, that "there is no new thing under the sun," and the pipe with the covered bowl is evidently not such a recent invention as one might have supposed. In 1854, underneath the stem of an old oak tree in the wood of Faoug, in the neighbourhood of the old Aventicum (Avenches), several old pipes, made of iron, with covers attached, were found. The Baron de Bonstetten, who mentions the discovery, says that one of them is deposited in the Musée d'Avenches, where it may now be seen. Again, the exact period is, unfortunately, missing; but there can be little doubt of the importance of the "find," because of the similarity which exists between these Faoug pipes and some found in Roman ruins near Lausanne and St. Prex, between

Rolle and Morges, and also the tablet at Heddersheim.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it would, therefore, appear that the *shape* of the pipe of to-day owes its origin to the Eastern rather than the Western Hemisphere. No American pipe of bygone times ever served as a model for the Turkish chibouque; nor, as far as can be discovered, are there any transatlantic traces of any straight pipe-stem which juts beyond the base of the bowl similar to the "Pipe-of-ease" of the Orientals, which has acclimatised itself all along the northern shores of Africa, and is to-day typical of Morocco; so that, so far as our modern shape of pipe is concerned and everything to the contrary notwithstanding, the Old World may justly claim the honour up-to-date of—



THE EVOLUTION OF THE PIPE.

# The Broken Pitcher.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

From the German by E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

[THIS story owes its origin to the following circumstances:—In 1802, at Bern, Zschokke was on terms of friendship with Heinrich von Kleist and Ludwig Wieland. One day, when these friends were calling upon him, they noticed, hanging on the wall of his room, a copper-plate engraving entitled, "La Cruche Cassée." The engraving gave rise to amusing speculations, and, finally, the three friends decided to commit their several conceptions to paper. Ludwig Wieland wrote a satire, Heinrich von Kleist a farcical comedy, and Zschokke the following story.]

## MARIETTE.

**A**LTHOUGH La Napoule is only a small place in the bay of Cannes, it is known throughout all Provence. It is shaded by lofty, ever-green palms and dark pomegranates. This of itself has not made it famous. But here, people say, grow the finest grapes, the sweetest roses and the most beautiful maidens. If all the girls of La Napoule, since its origin, have been beautiful, little Mariette must, without doubt, have been a wonder of wonders, for she is still a tradition in the neighbourhood. She was, indeed, called little Mariette, but she was no smaller than a child of seventeen and whose brow generally reaches to the lips of a full grown man.

There was good reason why Mariette should become the talk of the neighbourhood, for, when she returned to her birth-place with Manon, her mother, from Avignon, where they had been living, she turned the place nearly upside down. Not exactly the houses, but the heads of the people, and not even the heads of all the people, but only of those whose heads and hearts were exposed to danger when they came within the range of two heavenly eyes. Such cases are serious.

Perhaps Mother Manon would have been wiser had she remained at Avignon; but she inherited a small property at La Napoule, with a few vineyards and a pretty little cottage in the shadow of a rock, surrounded by oil-palms and African acacias. No penurious widow was ever known to refuse the like. She thought herself from henceforth as rich and happy as the Countess of Provence.

But the people of La Napoule little suspected what troubles were in store for them. They had not studied their Homer, and did not know that one woman had been sufficient to set the whole of Greece and Asia Minor by the ears.

## HOW THE MISFORTUNE BEGAN.

MARIETTE had scarcely been a fortnight in the cottage by the palms and acacias before every young man of the neighbourhood knew that she lived there, and knew also that throughout the whole of Provence there lived no more beautiful maiden than the one in that cottage.

When she went through the place, floating and ethereal, like an angel in disguise, with her waving petticoats, her pale-green bodice, an orange-blossom and rosebuds in her bosom, and flowers and ribbons flying in the grey hat which shaded her delicate face, old men grew eloquent and youths were dumb. And everywhere, right and left, windows and doors flew open one after the other. "Good morning!" or "good evening, Mariette!" resounded on all sides, and she nodded and smiled and passed on.

When Mariette entered church, all hearts (those namely of the young men) left heaven instantly; all eyes were turned from the holy images, and praying fingers got terribly entangled amongst the beads of the rosaries, which must have caused great vexation to many, especially to the devout.

At this period the young maidens of La Napoule were, probably, particularly pious, for they were the most vexed, and, indeed, they had good reason. Since the



"LITTLE MARIETTE."

advent of Mariette more than one bridegroom had grown cold, more than one adorer become faithless. Many were the quarrels and reproaches in consequence: numerous the tears, the good counsels and rejections of offers. There was no more talk of weddings, only of parting. Pledges of troth, rings and ribbons even were returned. The old people interfered in the disputes of their children. Dissension and strife passed from house to house. There was general tribulation.

"It is all Mariette's fault," said the

pious maidens; so said the mothers and so said the fathers, and so, finally, said all, even the young men.

But Mariette, wrapped in her modesty and innocence, like a rosebud in the dark green leaves of the cup, knew nothing of all this misery around her, and continued kind to all. This touched, at first, the young men, and they said, "Why should we distress the pretty, harmless child? She is innocent!" The fathers then said the same; then also the mothers, and, finally, even the pious maidens repeated

it. For whoever spoke to Mariette could not help liking her, and before six months had elapsed, everybody had talked to her, and she was loved by all. But she did not know she was loved so much, just as she had not thought that anybody could hate her. What does the dark, down-trodden violet know of its worth?

Now all were anxious to atone for their injustice towards Mariette. Compassion intensifies the tenderness of inclination. Everywhere Mariette was greeted with greater kindness than ever; she was smiled at more kindly than before and invited to dances and games more kindly than hitherto.

#### THE WICKED COLIN.

BUT not everybody has a compassionate nature, some even have hardened hearts like Pharaoh.

A memorable example of such hardness of heart was furnished by young Colin, the richest farmer in all La Napoule, who could scarcely traverse in a single day all his vineyards and oil, lemon and pomegranate plantations. The natural depravity of his disposition was clearly proved by the fact that, although he was close upon twenty-seven years of age, he was still unmarried; nor had he ever courted anyone.

It is true that many, and especially those of the feminine sex, regarded Colin as the best fellow under the sun. His manly figure, his bright and natural manner, his glance, his smile had the good fortune to please them.

Whilst old and young had grown reconciled to the innocent Mariette, and compassionately took her up, Colin was the only one who remained pitiless towards her. Whenever the conversation turned on Mariette he was dumb. Whenever he met her in the street he grew alternately red and pale with rage, and threw devouring glances after her.

When, in the evenings, the young people gathered together on the sea shore, near the old castle ruins, to play their country games, or to dance or sing, Colin was never absent. But as soon as Mariette appeared, the malignant fellow suddenly became morose and refused to sing. It was a pity, for he had a splendid voice. Everybody liked to hear him, and he had an inexhaustible stock of songs.

All the maidens liked the wicked Colin,

and he was pleasant to all. He had a roguish look, and when he smiled he was a perfect picture. But, of course, the much-insulted Mariette did not even look at him. And there, of course, she was perfectly right. Whether he smiled or not was quite indifferent to her; and as for his roguish look, she hated even to hear of it—and there again she was perfectly right. When he related anything—and he always had much to say—and when everybody listened, then she would tease her girl companions, and would pelt Pierre and Paul with grass, and would laugh and chatter, and would pay no attention whatever to what Colin was saying. This used to offend his pride, and he would frequently stop suddenly in the middle of his discourse and walk sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The daughter of Madame Manon might well have triumphed upon such occasions. But she was too good, and her heart was too gentle for that. When he was silent, she was sorry; when he was sad, she could not laugh; and when he left, she did not stop long. At home she would then weep bitter tears of remorse.

#### THE PITCHER.

THE *curé* of La Napoule, Père Jerome, was seventy years of age, and had all the virtues of a saint, and only one fault, namely, that, in consequence of his age, he was rather hard of hearing. But then, he preached the most edifying sermons, and all liked to hear him. It is true that he always alternated between two texts, as though his entire religion were embodied in them. It was either "Children, love one another," or "Children, wonderful are the dispensations of Providence." Yet there was so much faith, hope and charity in them that they were quite sufficient for the salvation of his flock. The children loved each other most obediently, and waited on the dispensations of Providence. But Colin, the stony-hearted, would have none of this. Even when he seemed amiable he had some wicked ends in view.

The people of La Napoule loved going to the fair at the town of Vence. There life and jollity abounded, and if they had but little money, at least they could see plenty of wares. Now, Mariette and her mother also went to the fair; and Colin was

there likewise. He bought many goodies and trifles for his girl friends, but not a *son* did he spend on Mariette. And yet he was always at her heels. But he did not speak to her, and she did not speak to him. It was clear that he was brooding over some malignant design.

Suddenly Mother Manon stopped before a booth and exclaimed: "Oh, Mariette, look at that lovely pitcher! It is fit for a queen. See, the rim is bright gold, and the flowers are as pretty as though they were growing, and yet they are only painted. And see how the apples are smiling on the tree. Adam cannot resist the pretty Eve who offers him one. And look at the pretty lamb gambolling round the tiger, and the snow-white dove with the green neck facing the hawk."

Mariette was delighted. "If I had such a pitcher, mother," she said, "I would never use it—it is much too pretty for that—but I would keep my flowers in it, and continually look at Paradise."

She called all her girl companions round her to admire the pitcher. The girls were soon joined by the men, and presently nearly half the population of La Napoule was congregated before the beautiful pitcher. It was, indeed, beautiful, and made of the most costly and transparent porcelain, with gilded ears and bright colours. They asked the salesman shyly its price, and he answered: "A hundred livres." And they were silent and went on.

When no inhabitant of La Napoule remained in front of the booth, Colin slunk up, threw a hundred livres to the salesman, had the pitcher carefully packed in a box filled with wadding, and carried it off. Nobody knew his base design.

On the way back, close to La Napoule—it was getting dark—he met old Jacques, the judge's journeyman, who was coming from the fields. Jacques was not a bad fellow, but extremely stupid.

"I will tip you well, Jacques," said Colin, "if you will take this box to Madame Manon's cottage and leave it there. If anybody should see you and ask you whence you got it, say that a stranger gave it you. But do not betray my name, or I shall never forgive you."

Jacques promised to do as he was told, took the tip and the box, and went off in the direction of the cottage by the palms and acacias.

#### THE EMISSARY.

BEFORE arriving, he met his master, Judge Hautmartin, who called, "What have you got there, Jacques?"

"A box for Madame Manon," he replied; "but I must not tell you from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Monsieur Colin would never forgive me if I did."

"It is well that you can keep a secret. But it is late. Give me the box. I am going to Madame Manon in any case to-morrow. I will take her the box, and will not betray that it comes from Colin. It will save you a journey and be good business for me."

Jacques gave up his box to his master, to whom he was accustomed to pay a blind obedience. The judge carried it into his room, and looked at it with much curiosity. The cover had inscribed on it in red chalk, "To the lovely and beloved Mariette." But M. Hautmartin knew very well that this was only Colin's malevolence, and suspected some dreadful hoax lurking behind it. He therefore opened the box very carefully, for he expected to find a mouse or a rat concealed in it. But when he beheld the beautiful pitcher, which he had himself seen at Vence, his heart misgave him. He instantly perceived that Colin intended to compass poor Mariette's ruin by means of that pitcher. He would probably spread a report that the pitcher was a present from some favoured lover in town, and then all right-minded people would be compelled to shun Mariette's society. In order to frustrate such malignant plans, the judge determined to take the onus of donorship upon himself. Besides, he loved Mariette, and would have been pleased had Mariette obeyed, in his case, the injunction of the aged priest, "Children, love one another!" But M. Hautmartin was a child of fifty, and Mariette very probably did not suppose that the injunction could have any reference to him. Madame Manon, on the other hand, regarded the judge as a very reasonable child, who had money and position, and was respected from one end of La Napoule to the other. Consequently, whenever the judge spoke of marriage and Mariette ran away in a fright, she remained quietly seated and was not at all afraid of the tall and worthy gentleman. Indeed, there



was no fault to be found with him. If Colin was regarded as the most handsome man in the neighbourhood, the judge had the advantage of him in two things at least. In the first place in respect of his years, and, secondly, on account of his enormous nose. This nose, which always preceded the judge like a herald to proclaim his approach, was a veritable elephant among human noses.

With this elephant, his good intention and the pitcher, the judge went on the following morning to the cottage by the palms and the acacias.

"For the beautiful Mariette," he said, "I hold nothing too costly. You admired a pitcher at Venice yesterday. Permit me, beautiful Mariette, to place it, with my loving heart, at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were delighted and astonished when they beheld the pitcher. Manon's eyes sparkled ecstatically, but Mariette turned away her head and answered:

"I can accept neither your heart nor the pitcher."

At these words Manon was furious, and shouted:

"But I will accept them both. Oh, you little fool, how long will you spurn your good fortune? For whom are you waiting? Is a Count of Provence to make you his bride, that you despise the judge of La Napoule? But I know better how to provide for you. Monsieur Hautmartin, I consider it an honour to accept you as my son-in-law."

At these words Mariette went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher with all her heart.

But the judge stroked his nose with his left hand and spoke wisely:

"Madame Manon, be not precipitate. The little dove will become more amenable when she gets to know me better. I am not impetuous and I understand woman-kind. In three months I will succeed in creeping into Mariette's heart."

"His nose is too big for that!" thought



"I CAN ACCEPT NEITHER YOUR HEART NOR YOUR PITCHER."



Mariette, who was listening and laughing at the door outside. And, surely enough, three months elapsed and M. Hautmartin had not even got the thin end of his nose into her heart.

#### THE FLOWERS.

BUT during these three months Mariette had, perhaps, other business. The pitcher gave her much annoyance and trouble, besides other things.

For a fortnight nobody in La Napoule spoke of anything but the pitcher. And everybody said it was a present from the judge, and that the wedding had been fixed upon. But when Mariette solemnly informed her companions that she would rather throw herself into the bottom of the sea than marry the judge, the maidens only teased her the more, saying, "How heavenly it must be to repose in the shadow of his nose!" This was her first annoyance.

Then her mother formed the horrible resolution to force her to go to the well near the rock with the pitcher every morning to fill it with water, and to gather fresh flowers for it. By that means Manon thought to accustom Mariette to the pitcher and to the heart of the donor. But Mariette continued to hate both the

giver and his present, and going to the well was a veritable punishment for her. This was the second annoyance.

Then, when she came to the well in the morning, she found, twice a week, lying upon a ledge in the rock, a bunch of the most beautiful flowers, tastefully arranged, and well suited to the magnificence of the pitcher. And round the stalks there was always a strip of paper inscribed with the words: "Dear Mariette." Now, it was rather ridiculous to suppose that little Mariette could be made to believe in enchantments and fairies. Consequently, it was pretty obvious that these flowers and the strip of paper came from no other than M. Hautmartin. Mariette hated the very smell of those flowers, for the breath of the judge's nose seemed to hang about them. Nevertheless, she always took the flowers, and tore up the strips of paper into a thousand pieces and strewed them about the spot where the flowers had lain. But this did not annoy the judge at all, whose love was incomparably great of its kind, just like his nose. This was the third annoyance.

Finally, she discovered in conversation with M. Hautmartin that he was not the donor of the flowers at all. Who could it be? Mariette was greatly surprised at the unexpected discovery. From henceforth she felt less aversion to the flowers, and even smelt them occasionally. But who was it who placed them there? Mariette became, what girls seldom are, extremely curious. She guessed all the youths of La Napoule, but guessing did not help her. She listened and lay in wait until deep into the night, and she got up earlier than ever. But she discovered nothing. And yet twice a week there lay the fairy flowers in the morning, with the strip of paper wound round them, on which she read the inscription that sounded like a lover's sigh: "Dear Mariette!" This was enough to arouse curiosity in the most indifferent. But unsatisfied curiosity will develop into burning anguish. This was the fourth annoyance.

#### MALICE UPON MALICE.

Now, upon a certain Sunday, Father Jerome had again preached from the text: "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence," and Mariette thought, "Perhaps Providence will bring about the dis-

covery of this unknown dispenser of flowers." Father Jerome was always right.

Upon a very hot summer's night Mariette awoke, and could not fall asleep again. She therefore sprang up joyfully as she saw the first rays of the dawn glittering across the sea-waves and the islands in the distance, and streaming in at her window. She dressed herself and went out to wash her face, arms and neck in the cool water of the well. She took her hat with her, to saunter by the sea; she knew a hidden, sheltered spot for bathing.

In order to get to this secret spot, it was necessary to go over the rock behind the cottage, and then down again past bushes and palms. On this occasion Mariette was unable to pass by, for under one of the tallest of the palms reposed in gentle slumber the form of a slim and comely youth, and beside him lay a bunch of the most beautiful flowers, with a piece of white paper attached to it bearing probably the usual inscription. How could Mariette possibly pass by?

She stopped short and trembled in every limb with fright. She instantly turned back to the cottage, but she had not gone many paces before she looked round at the sleeper again and stood still. At that distance it was impossible to discern his features. This was the time to discover the secret—now or never. She tripped gently towards the palm tree, but he seemed to move. She precipitately ran back towards the cottage. His moving had been nothing but Mariette's fearful imagination, so she resolutely retraced her steps. Then it occurred to her that he was probably only shamming. This caused her to run away quickly. But who would be deterred by a vain supposition? She boldly approached the spot.

In this indecision, this vacillation between fear and curiosity, between the cottage and the palm, she had got gradually nearer to the sleeper, and her curiosity began to triumph over her timidity.

"What is he to me?" she said. "My path leads me past him. Be he asleep or be he awake, I am only going past him." But she did not pass him, she stood still, for she wanted to have a good look at the anonymous flower giver. Besides, he was sleeping as though he had not had a healthy night's rest for a month, at least. And who do you suppose it was? Well,

who else could it have been but that arch-miscreant, Colin.

So it was he who, from old enmity, had caused the poor girl so many annoyances with the pitcher, and had dragged her into this unpleasant scrape with M. Hautmartin, and who had then teased her with flowers in order to torture her curiosity. And for what reason? Because he hated Mariette. He still behaved most unpardonably towards the poor girl on all occasions. He avoided her whenever he could, and when he could not, he offended her. With all the other girls of La Napoule he was more amiable, more obliging, more communicative, than with Mariette. Fancy! he had never so much as asked her for a dance, and yet he danced beautifully!

And he lay there, betrayed and caught. Revenge arose in Mariette's breast. What disgrace should she put upon him? She took the bunch of flowers, unfastened it and strewed it in her just indignation contemptuously over his prostrate form. The paper with the inscription, "Dear Mariette!" she kept, however, and hastily placed in her bosom. She intended to keep this specimen of his hand-writing for future occasions. Mariette was artful. She was now about to go. But her vengeance was not complete. She could not leave the place without punishing the malignity of Colin in an appropriate manner. She tore the violet silken ribbon off her hat and gently slipped it under the sleeper's arm and round the tree, and fastened Colin securely with three knots to the palm. And now, when he awoke, how surprised he would be! How his curiosity would plague him! He would never be able to guess who had played him such a trick. All the better. It served him right.

Mariette was too merciful; she seemed sorry for what she had done. A tear actually stood in her eye as she pitifully regarded the criminal. Slowly she went back through the bushes to the rock. She often looked back. She then slowly ascended the rock, and often looked down at the palm, and then she ran off, calling her mother.

#### THE HAT-BAND.

BUT upon the very same day Colin perpetrated a fresh malignity. What did he do? He wanted to put poor Mariette

publicly to shame. Ah! she had forgotten that her violet ribbon was known in all La Napoule. But Colin knew it only too well. He put the riband proudly round his hat, and carried it for all the world to see, like a trophy. And everybody cried, "He has got it from Mariette!" And all the maidens said indignantly, "The miscreant!" and all the young men, who liked Mariette, repeated, "The miscreant!"

"How is this, Mother Manon?" shouted Judge Hautmartin as he came to the cottage—and he shouted so loudly that the sound was re-echoed strangely in his nose. "How is this? Do you allow this? My bride presents her hat-band to young Colin, the farmer! It is high time to celebrate the wedding. When that is over, I shall have a right to speak."

"You are quite right," said Mother Manon. "If that is where the wind blows, we must hasten this wedding. When that is over, then all is over."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter still refuses to give me her consent."

"Never mind. Prepare the wedding feast."

"But she will not even look at me kindly; and when I sit down by her side, she jumps up like a little savage and runs away."

"Never mind, judge; prepare the wedding feast."

"But if Mariette should resist?"

"We shall manage that. We will go to Father Jerome. Early on Monday morning, without fuss or bother, he shall marry you. I am the mother. You are the highest official authority in La Napoule. He must obey. But Mariette must know nothing about it. Early on Monday morning I shall send her alone with a message to Father Jerome. Then the priest shall talk to her; and half an hour later we shall both arrive, and then off to the altar. And even if Mariette should say no—what does that matter?—the old gentleman is deaf. But till then not a word to Mariette, or to anybody in La Napoule."

This was the understanding arrived at between the two, and Mariette little dreamed of the happiness in store for her. She thought only of the malignity of Colin, who had made her the talk of the neighbourhood. How she repented of her thoughtlessness concerning the ribbon! Nevertheless, in her heart of hearts she

forgave Colin his wickedness, for Mariette was much too kind-hearted. She told her mother, and she told all her companions: "Colin must have found my lost hat-band, for I did not give it him. Now he wishes to annoy me with it. You know that Colin always hated me, and has always tried to give me pain."

Ah! poor child; she little knew upon what fresh mischief that malignant fellow was bent.

#### THE BROKEN PITCHER.

ONE morning early Mariette went as usual to the well with her pitcher. There were no flowers upon the ledge of the rock as yet. It was very early; the sun had scarcely risen out of the sea.

Suddenly she heard steps behind her, and saw Colin coming, carrying the flowers in his hand. Colin seemed confused, and stammered:

"Good morning, Mariette." But it was not a hearty greeting.

"Why do you carry my ribbon so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, placing the pitcher upon the ledge of the rock. "I did not give it you."

"You did not give it me, dear Mariette?" he asked, going pale with subdued rage.

Mariette felt ashamed of having lied; she dropped her eyelids and said, after some time: "Well, yes, I did give it you; but you should not expose it before all the world. Give it back to me."

He slowly unfastened it; but his rage was so great that he could not keep back the tears from his eyes, nor suppress the sigh on his breast.

"Dear Mariette, let me keep your ribbon," he said gently.

"No," she replied.

His suppressed rage now exploded in despair. He glanced to heaven with a sigh, and then looked morosely at the girl, who was standing quietly and modestly at the well, with eyes cast down and arms drooping by her side.

He wound the violet ribbon round the bunch of flowers, and said: "Take all, then;" and with these words, he threw the flowers savagely at the pitcher, which fell over and was broken. Jubilant at this disaster, he ran off.

But Mother Manon, who had been spying through the window, had seen everything. When the pitcher broke she was

beside herself; and as she leaned out of window to shout her maledictions after the miscreant, she tore the frame out of the mouldy bricks, and it fell upon the ground with a loud noise.

So much misfortune might well have discomposed any woman. But Manon soon recovered her self-possession.

"It is fortunate," she cried, "that I was a witness of his treachery! He must go before the judge! He shall pay with his gold for the pitcher and my window. That will provide you with an excellent dowry, my child."

But when Mariette picked up the broken fragments and showed them to her mother, Manon could not help weeping. The Paradise was lost: Adam was headless; Eve had only a leg left; the serpent was triumphant and uninjured, the tiger intact.

"Anybody can see," said Manon, "that the devil had a hand in this!"

#### THE JUDGMENT.

TAKING the pitcher in one hand and Mariette in the other, she went at about nine o'clock to M. Hautmartin, who was just then presiding over his Court and administering justice. There she broke into wild lamentations and showed the broken pitcher and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly.

The judge, when he saw the pitcher broken and his lovely bride in tears, was seized with righteous indignation against Colin, so that his nose grew as violet as Mariette's famous hat-band. He immediately despatched his myrmidons to bring up the criminal.

Colin arrived, looking very sorrowful; Mother Manon now repeated her charge with much eloquence to the judge and the Court. But Colin did not hear her. He approached Mariette and whispered to her:

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you; I broke your pitcher by accident, but you have broken my heart!"

"Silence in the Court! No whispering!" shouted M. Hautmartin, with judicial dignity. "Listen to the charge and defend yourself."

"I have no defence to make. I broke the pitcher, but against my will, and not by design."

"I quite believe it myself," said Mariette, sobbing. "I am as much to blame as he is, for I insulted him and made him angry."



And then he threw the ribbon and flowers at me, without looking where he was throwing them. It was not his fault."

"Dear me! Whoever heard the like of this?" said Mother Manon. "Is the girl going to plead for him in Court? Speak, your honour! He has broken the pitcher, he does not deny it, and I have in consequence broken the window. If he denies it, he had better go and look for himself."

"As you cannot deny it, Monsieur Colin," said the judge, "you will have to pay three hundred livres for the pitcher, for that is its value; and, besides——"

"No," cried Colin, "it is not worth as much as that. I bought it myself at Vence for Mariette, and paid only one hundred livres."

"You bought it, you infamous person?" cried the judge, and his whole face assumed the hue of Mariette's hat-band. But he could not and would not say more, for he feared an investigation into the matter.

But Colin was indignant at the rebuke, and said:

"I sent that pitcher on the eve of the fair by the hand of your own journeyman to Mariette. There stands Jacques, leaning against the door, he is my witness. Speak, Jacques, did I not give you the box and tell you to take it to Madame Manon?"

M. Hautmartin was about to thunder forth something or other, but the simple Jacques said:

"Recollect, your honour, you took Colin's box from me yourself, and carried whatever it contained to Madame Manon. See, the box is still lying in the corner over there."

The simpleton was instantly turned out of Court by the officers of the law, and Colin was also told to leave until he should be called again.

"Very well, your honour, but this shall be your last caper in La Napoule. I know more than this—that you desired to ingratiate yourself by means of my property with Madame Manon and Mariette. If you should want me, you would do well to ride to the Prefect at Grasse," and with these words Colin took his departure.

M. Hautmartin was much confused at the whole affair, and knew not what he was doing in his consternation. Madame Manon shook her head. The business seemed to have become very dark and suspicious.

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"Who will pay for the broken pitcher now?" she said in despair.

"As far as I am concerned it is already nearly paid for," said Mariette, with glowing countenance.

#### WONDERFUL DISPENSATIONS.

COLIN rode off on the very same day to Grasse to see the Prefect, and returned early next morning. But M. Hautmartin only laughed, and assured Madame Manon there was no occasion for anxiety, and swore that he would cut off his nose if he did not make Colin pay three hundred livres for the broken pitcher. He also went to Father Jerome about the wedding, and dwelt upon the importance of bringing Mariette to a sense of duty, and of making her do her mother's bidding like an obedient daughter, without offering any opposition to the match. The pious old gentleman promised to do his utmost, although he only understood half of what was shouted in his ear.

But Mariette took the broken pitcher into her bed-chamber, and was very fond of it, for, since Paradise had been broken out of it, it seemed to have entered into her heart.

When Monday had come round, Mother Manon said to her daughter:

"Dress yourself in your best and take this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride."

Mariette consequently put on her Sunday frock and carried unsuspectingly the myrtle wreath to Father Jerome.

On her way she met Colin, who saluted her pleasantly, but shyly, and when she said where she was carrying the wreath to, Colin said:

"I am going in the same direction, for I have to take my tithes to the priest."

And as they walked along together, he took her hand silently in his, and then they both trembled as though they had committed some terrible crime.

"Have you forgiven me?" Colin whispered anxiously. "Oh, Mariette! what have I done to you that you should treat me so cruelly?"

But she could only answer:

"Never mind, Colin, you shall have the ribbon back again. And I shall keep the pitcher. It did come from you, did it not?"

"Mariette! can you doubt it? Look, whatever I possess I would gladly give



you. Will you be kind to me in the future, as you are to the others?"

She made no answer. But when they entered the vicarage together, she looked at him sideways, and, seeing his fine eyes wet with tears, she whispered, "Dear

most eloquent language began to exhort her to love Colin. For the old gentleman, owing to his deafness, had not caught the name of the bridegroom, or had, perhaps, forgotten it, and so concluded that Colin must be the happy man.



BENT OVER AND KISSED HER HAND.

Colin!" He immediately bent over her and kissed her hand. At that very moment a door opened and the venerable form of Father Jerome stood before them. The young people were seized with a kind of giddiness, for they kept tight hold of each other's hands. It is difficult to say whether this was the result of the kiss, or whether it was veneration for the aged priest.

Mariette handed the myrtle-wreath to the vicar, who placed it on her head and said:

"Children, love one another," and in



This exhortation was too much for poor Mariette; she burst into tears and sobbed, "Oh, I have loved him long ago, but he hates me!"

"I hate you?" cried Colin. "Since you have come to La Napoule my soul

has lived only for you. Oh, Mariette! How could I hope that you would love me? Does not all La Napoule worship you?"

"Why did you avoid me, then, Colin, and prefer all my companions to me?"

"Oh, Mariette! I went in fear and trembling; I was pining away for love and sorrow. I had not the courage to be near you, and when I was away from you I was still more miserable."

As they were thus talking to each other, the good father thought they were quarrelling; so he gently put his arms round them and drew them together and said entreatingly:

"Children, children, love one another."

At these words Mariette's head sank on Colin's breast, and Colin encircled her in his arms, and both their faces seemed to be radiant. They forgot the vicar and all the world besides. Colin's lips hung on Mariette's pretty mouth. It was only a kiss, but such a kiss! Their souls seemed to dissolve in it. They both so completely lost consciousness that they followed the delighted vicar into church up to the altar.

"Mariette!" he sighed.

"Colin!" she sighed back in reply.

Many pious people were saying their prayers in church, but fancy their astonishment at finding themselves unexpectedly the witnesses to the marriage of Colin and Mariette! Many ran out of church before the ceremony was over, in order to be able to proclaim the news right and left throughout La Napoule.

When the wedding was over, Father Jerome felt honestly pleased with himself at having succeeded so well and having met with so little opposition from the bride and bridegroom. He led them back into the vicarage.

#### THE END OF THIS REMARKABLE STORY.

JUST then Mother Manon arrived breathless on the scene. She had waited long

for the bridegroom, but he had not come. Driven by fear, she had run off herself to M. Hautmartin. Here fresh consternation was in store for her. She learned that the prefect had arrived with his officers, had investigated the books and papers, looked into the accounts, and arrested M. Hautmartin.

"That is certain to be the work of that ungodly Colin," she thought, and rushed off to the vicarage, to make some excuse for postponing the wedding. Here she was met by the smiling priest, who, proud of his handiwork, led the newly-wedded couple to her.

Madame Manon was speechless when she heard what had happened. But Colin seemed to have more to say for himself than ever before in all his life. He began to talk of his affection, of the broken pitcher, of the judge's deceitfulness and how he had unmasked him before the prefect at Grasse. Then he prayed for Mother Manon's blessing, as what was done could not be undone, and as it was no fault either of Mariette's or of his.

It was a long time before Father Jerome could be made to understand what had happened; but when he did, he folded his hands piously and said reverently:

"Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence!"

Colin and Mariette kissed his hands, and Madame Manon, from reverence, gave the young couple her blessing, adding, however, that her head seemed to be going round.

But Madame Manon was exceedingly pleased with her son-in-law when she discovered his wealth, and especially when she learned that the judge had been carried off a prisoner, nose and all, to be tried at Grasse.

The broken pitcher, on the other hand, has been preserved in the family, as a memorial and relic, down to the present day.

## Two New Years' Eves.

By FENN CHALLIS.

THE old year was hastening to complete its allotted time, leaving, as in a closed volume, all the lost opportunities; regrets, and sometimes pleasant memories of those who had traversed its uneven path—leaving them to think of the past, and note one more mile-stone in the journey of life. It was a clear, frosty night; the moon was shedding its cold, bright light over Ashmead, and casting weird shadows from tree and hedgerow, and the stars were peeping from the heavens like a myriad of sparkling gems. Thus outside, the world was calm and peaceful, and it almost seemed as though God's angels were breathing "good will towards men" in the quiet murmur of the breeze, banishing sin from this transitory life and leaving all in a state of primeval innocence. Ashmead is a small outlying village, and from the top of the hill which rises at the rear of the hamlet, it is not difficult to discern the principal houses around the country side, and it is in one of these—the square white one, standing out in the moonlight yonder—that the events recorded in the first part of my story took place. In an oak-panelled chamber, situated in the rear of the building, two men were in the midst of a game of cards; they had been playing some three hours, and both were in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. Oblivious to all save the game, they had allowed the candles in the two brass holders to flicker away until they went out; yet, notwithstanding this, the players still continued, by the light thrown from the blazing log in the grate. As the moments flew by each helped himself from the decanter of brandy standing on the table, with the eagerness of a man preparing for some great crisis in his life. And such a crisis was at hand, for Harry Dashwood and his cousin Philip were playing for stakes beyond the price of money, or money's worth—a woman's future happiness was dangling in the balance—and this game, on the stroke of twelve, was to decide which of them was to leave the country, and which to

stay, woo and win, if possible, the heart of Dorothy, that fair daughter of Eve who had made such devastation in the affections of these hot-headed youths.

It wanted but ten minutes to the midnight hour. The cards fell from their hands with growing rapidity, their eyes started from their sockets, and the brandy and excitement fired their brains. Eight, seven, six—still the ticking of the time-piece came from the other end of the room, proclaiming the end so much the nearer. Three minutes more and it would be over.

"I win," shouted Philip exultingly.

"Scoundrel, you are cheating," roared Harry.

"You lie," hissed the other, striking his opponent with his clenched fist.

In another moment Harry sprang to his feet, and, seizing a candlestick, struck his cousin a violent blow on the head. Philip fell with a heavy thud to the floor; and at the same time the bells from the village church pealed out their notes of welcome: the old year had passed away; the new year was born.

In the morning the whole village was filled with consternation at the news of the tragic death of Philip, and it required no great mental acumen to trace the culprit when it became known that Harry was missing. Needless to say, excitement ran high, for a like event had never before taken place, even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the gossips shook their heads, scarcely being able to credit that the handsome, light-hearted lad, who was a universal favourite, could have been the perpetrator of so base a crime. On none, however, did the blow fall with such severity as on Dorothy, who had unconsciously given her young heart to the man now fleeing from justice, and who would have believed him innocent against the whole world, had she not herself seen him rushing madly from the direction of the White House on that never-to-be-forgotten night. In due course the coroner's jury were impanelled, the witnesses called, and

though no direct evidence was forthcoming, the circumstances surrounding the tragedy warranted twelve of his fellow countrymen bringing in a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Harry Dashwood.

Two years had passed away since that memorable New Year's Eve. Not a word had been heard of Harry, and, so far, the police had been unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain a clue to his whereabouts. Dorothy still lived in the remote little village, away from the busy haunts of man, and none but herself knew why the roses had left her cheeks, and why the happy smile of the old days was never seen. True to her dead lover—dead to herself and the world—she could not be persuaded to swerve from the love she had given; and though many would have gladly led her to the altar, she preferred to give up her life to alleviating the distress of the poor and the ills of the sick.

The sun was setting one summer's eve in far-off California, filling the heavens with that flood of crimson glory that only those who have been out in the far West have seen, as a group of miners put down their picks, and commenced to prepare their evening meal. A fire of brushwood had been kindled, over which a kettle was boiling, and the men, dressed in their red shirts and slouch hats, sitting in the glow of the embers, presented a picturesque scene out in that wild and rocky country. If we could but read the story of each one's life, and make bare the inmost secrets of his heart, truly we should find that, in the cobwebs and sunshine of his past, there were more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamt of in our philosophy. Miners may be rough men, but beneath the rugged exterior there often beats a generous heart; and this was shown in an act of kindness they had extended to a broken down old pedlar, whom fickle fortune had deserted, and who was now greedily devouring the humble fare offered to him. The meal over, the men sought their pipes, and, as was their usual wont, each took his turn in telling a tale: now a personal anecdote, founded on fact, now a story from the pages of fiction.

"Come, Manley," said a gruff voice, "let's have a yarn from you."

At the summons, a handsome young fellow, in whom, notwithstanding the bronzed cheek and furrowed brow, we

might instantly recognise our friend, Dashwood, shook the ashes from his pipe, and, after taking a draught from the can at his side, commenced the history of the card-playing, with the details of which we are already acquainted. When the narrator had arrived at the culminating point, where the fatal blow is struck, the pedlar, who had hitherto remained unnoticed, trembling in every limb, gasped out: "It's not true!" and fell back in a dead swoon. At this unwonted interruption, the men were so taken aback that, for the space of a few seconds, a death-like silence prevailed. When they had recovered their equanimity, Harry was kneeling by the side of the stranger.

"Speak, man; what do you know?" he whispered hoarsely.

The tramp opened his eyes and attempted to speak, but his lips refused utterance, and one of the men placed a flask to his mouth, which seemed to revive him.

"I have been on the tramp for months," he commenced, "and before meeting you I had not tasted food for several days. I know now that death is waiting close at hand, and I should like to clear a man from the charge of a murder that your tale reminded me of."

Exhausted by this short speech, he sank back, and after a few minutes, continued.

"I was in the grounds of the White House, Ashmead, on the night of the crime, for the purpose of stealing anything that might come to hand; and, peeping through the window, I saw the quarrel. After young Dashwood left the house, I entered, and was in the act of rifling the pockets of the prostrate body of Mr. Philip, when, recovering from his stunned condition, he rose and seized me by the throat: after a severe struggle, in order to escape capture, I drew a life-preserver, and —"

At that moment a piece of wood broke into a blaze, and lit up the face of the young miner.

"Great God!" cried the informant; "you are —"

"Harry Dashwood, and you?"

"The real murderer," came from the feeble lips, and the worn-out tramp of the West fell back exhausted.

By a rustic garden-gate a girl was standing, watching the great cold moon. Very lovely she looked, bathed in those

silvery rays, and there was an expression on the sweet, pensive face which showed that her thoughts were far away from this passing world, living in a sphere of their own. So occupied was she with her fancies that she did not observe some one advancing up the path. The new comer stopped, wrapped up in admiration at the sight that met his gaze; then,

"And to think that I could believe you guilty. Oh, Harry, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, darling; there is nothing to forgive. Let the past lie buried in its grave, and in the future I ask for nothing more than to live in the sunshine of your love."

The girl at his side nestled close to him,



BY A RUSTIC GARDEN GATE.

moving on, he came face to face with the object that had been his bright star during five long dreary years of exile. With a start, Dorothy staggered forward, and, had it not been for the strong arms that encircled her, would have fallen to the ground. Harry told her of the turn things had taken, and when he had finished his story, there were tears in the earnest grey eyes looking up at his.

and he read in the look on her face that which made the blood go rushing through his veins, bathing his whole soul in ecstasy beyond the power of man to describe.

"Listen, Dorothy, the bells are ringing out the old year. Come, my love, let us begin a new year and a new life," and, placing his arm round her waist, they walked away through the moonlight together.



# Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

## THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

### PART IX.—BRIDAL COSTUME.

**C**ERTAIN curious customs have been associated with the Ordinance of Marriage from a very early period, and among others, may be mentioned the union of near relations in barbaric or semi-barbaric tribes; the providing of husbands and wives for a family according to seniority (so that the younger members had to possess their souls in patience till the elder ones were disposed of); the paying of an equivalent for the bride's services to her father in money or kind; and festivities often lasting over several days to celebrate the nuptials. The Rabbins acquaint us with the fact that seven days' feasting was an indispensable obligation on all married men, and that the bride was not consigned to her husband till after the days of feasting had expired. They were generally spent in the house of the woman's father, after which she was conducted in great state to her husband's home. When the bride was a widow, the festivities only lasted for three days. Customs in the East are perpetuated from one generation to another, and we now find among the inhabitants of the Orient the same mode of life as was adopted by the patriarchs of old. The description of the wooing of Isaac and Rebekah, for example, so graphically told in Genesis, differs in few respects from that of a young couple of the

same rank in the present day. Handsome presents, consisting of jewels, apparel, etc., are presented to the woman and her family, and form part of her dower in case of divorce. Rich shawls, fine dresses, personal ornaments, money and a complete outfit of domestic utensils are always included in such a gift. Among some of the Arab tribes the dower received on such occasions, and called the "five articles," consists of a carpet, a silver nose ring, a silver neck chain, silver bracelets and a camel bag. Matrimonial overtures are generally made by the parents of the contracting parties in Persia, but after all has been concluded, the bride elect has nominally the power, though it is seldom exercised, of expressing her dissent before the connection receives its final sanction. Among many Bedouin tribes the woman is not suffered to know until the betrothing ceremonies announce it to her who is to be her hus-



MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF A BRIDE IN LEBANON.

band, and then it is too late to negative the contract, but she is permitted to withdraw from her husband's tent the day after her marriage, and to return to her father; in which case she is formally divorced, and is henceforward regarded as a widow. On the value of her ornaments the Eastern bride bases her claim to consideration; and though the Arab, as a rule, cares little for his own dress, he decks his wife as richly as possible, that honour may be reflected upon himself and his circumstances. The leg ornaments and bracelets are often enormously thick and have no fastenings, but open and compress by their own elasticity. It is not unusual to wear several on the same arm, reaching to the elbow. They form a woman's sole wealth, and are not treasured up for special occasions, as is usual among Western nations, but are used as part of the daily costume. Various materials are employed in their manufacture; gold is necessarily rare, silver less so, while others are composed of amber, coral, mother-of-pearl and beads.

We are told, when Rebekah approached her future home and saw a man walking in the distance, she evinced a curiosity, natural under the circumstances, and inquired about him; and on discovering that it was Isaac, "she took a veil and covered herself."

It is still almost universal in the East for a woman, whose face is not concealed on other occasions, to envelop her head and body in an ample veil before she is conducted to her husband, and it is considered an indispensable part of the bridal costume. The details of the home-coming are modified by the local usages and reli-



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BRIDAL COSTUME

gions of the different countries. In Syria, Persia and India, the bridegroom, in person, brings home the bride: in some other countries this duty devolves on a near relative, and he remains at home to receive the lady on her arrival. From various sources, but particularly from indications in Scripture, we may gather that the Jews employed either of these methods, according to circumstances. Again, in Egypt the bridegroom goes to the Mosque when his bride is expected, and returns home in procession after she has arrived. In Western Asia the procession usually walks, if the bride's future house is at no great distance in the same town. In such cases she is often partially

covered by a canopy, and in Central and Eastern Asia it is the rule for her to be mounted on a mare mule, ass or camel, unless she is carried in a palanquin. Much,



FESTIVITIES AT AN EASTERN MARRIAGE

of course, depends on the social position of those married. Music attends such processions, and often dancing; the Jews certainly had the former, and some think the latter also, at least, in the time of our Saviour.

In Halhed's translation of the *Gentoo Laws*, and in Mr. Roberts's "*Oriental Illustrations*," reference is made to the custom of marrying the elder sister first, and the same usage is observed with regard to the brothers. When, in India, the elder daughter happens to be blind, deaf, dumb or deformed, this formality is dispensed with; and there have been cases when a man, wishing to obtain a younger daughter, has used every means in his power to promote the settlement of his future sister-in-law, so as to forward his own nuptials. Fathers, too, will sometimes exert their powers to compass the marriage of the elder daughter, when a very advantageous offer is made for the younger one.

It is generally believed that Psalm xlv., commonly known as "*The Song of Loves*," was composed on the occasion of Solomon's marriage—probably to Pharaoh's daughter; and here we find the Egyptian bride's dress described as "all glorious within and wrought of gold, a raiment of needlework." Both expressions refer to the same dress, and imply that the garment was embroidered with figures worked with threads of gold. The Egyptians were famous for their embroideries, and some mummies have been found wrapped up in clothing curiously ornamented with gold lace. At the present day, both in Egypt and Western Asia, it is usual for ladies of the highest rank to employ much of their time in working with the needle linen and cotton tissues in gold and silver thread and silk of different colours.

The use of nuptial crowns is of great antiquity. Among the Greeks and Romans they were chaplets of flowers and leaves, and the modern Greeks retain this custom, employing such chaplets, decorated with ribbons and lace. Modern Jews do not

use crowns in their marriage ceremonies, and they inform us that they have been discontinued since the last fatal siege of Jerusalem by the Romans. The information which Gemara gives on this subject is briefly that the crown of the bridegroom was of gold and silver, or else a chaplet of roses, myrtle or olives, and that the bride's crown was of the precious metals. There is also some mention of a crown made of salt and sulphur, worn by the bridegroom, the salt transparent as crystal, the figures being represented thereon in sulphur. Crowns play an important part in the nuptial ceremonies of the Greek Church; they are also still used by Scandinavian brides.

The ring in former days did not occupy the prominent position it does now, but was given, with other presents, to mark the completion of the contract. Its form is a symbol of eternity, and signifies the intention of both parties to keep the solemn covenant of which it is a pledge, or, as the Saxons called it, a "*wed*," from which we derive the term wedding. The Jews have a law which proclaims that the nuptial ring shall be of certain value, and must not be obtained by credit or gift. Formerly they were of large size and elaborate workmanship, but now the ordinary plain gold hoop is used.

A wedding-ring of the Shakespearian era has a portrait of Lucretia holding the dagger, the reverse side of the circle being formed by two clasped hands. This is a very common shape, and is shown in the illustration of the English wedding-

ring E, dated 1706, where white enamel fingers support a rose diamond. The modern Italian peasant wedding-ring, B, is of gold in raised bosses, while C is of



A GREEK BRIDESMAID.



MODERN GREEK BRIDAL COSTUME.



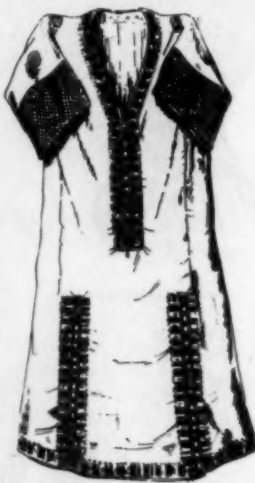
A, JEWISH WEDDING-RING, GERMAN, 17TH CENTURY; B, MODERN ITALIAN; C, ITALIAN, 14TH CENTURY; D, VENETIAN, 16TH CENTURY; E, ENGLISH, 1766; F, ENGLISH BRONZE BETROTHAL RING, 17TH CENTURY.

silver; F, bearing initials on velvet, is of bronze. A is a handsome Jewish wedding-ring, bearing the ark, and D also has a Hebrew inscription.

The gimmel betrothal ring was formerly a favourite pattern, and consisted of three circlets attached to a spring or pivot, and could be closed so as to appear like one solid ring. It was customary to break these asunder at the betrothal, the man and woman taking the upper and lower ones and the witness the intermediate ring. When the marriage took place these were joined together and used at the ceremony. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it

was a common practice to engrave these emblems of affection with some appropriate motto. It was from Pagan Rome that European nations derive the wedding-ring, as they were used in their betrothals long before there is any trace of them elsewhere.

In describing the bridal costumes of different nations, it should be distinctly borne in mind that a large majority of the upper classes wear on such occasions the traditional white satin and



GARMENT FORMERLY WORN BY GREEK BRIDES.

orange blossoms with which we are all familiar. Many, however, prefer the picturesque national costume associated with the land of their birth, and it has been my principal object, in selecting the illustrations for this article, to make them as typical as possible.

The Greek marriage service is full of symbol, and, as has already been stated, the nuptial crown plays a prominent part. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of the bridal costume; while the bridesmaid is attired in a gold embroidered jacket, a skirt of brilliant colouring and the crimson fez—the usual head-gear of a Greek maiden. She is depicted scattering corn, an ancient rite, always

performed at the conclusion of the ceremony. As she gracefully sways backwards and forwards, to the accompaniment of the jingling coins which do double service as dowry and dress trimming, one cannot but compare her with the stiff, tailor-made girl, fixed with steel and whalebone, whose every movement is studied, yet wanting in grace. Formerly a wedding garment was often passed down from mother to daughter, and such an example is given in the soft yellow silk robe, lined with white and enriched with elaborate embroidery. Tiny stars in delicate shades of red, blue and green, divided by black lines, form the design and proclaim the industry and skill of the worker. These robes, however, have not been used in Greece since the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In Japan, the beautiful land of the lily and chrysanthemum, the bride usually takes little more to her husband's home



AN EASTERN BRIDE.

than her trousseau, which is ample enough, as a rule, to satisfy even a woman's passion for dress. The nuptials take place in the evening, and the bride is garbed in virgin white robes, figured with a lozenge design. These garments are the gift of the bridegroom, and in them she passes from the home of her girlhood to that of her husband. The household gods of both families are assembled before an altar decked with flowers and covered with offerings. Near by stands a large table, with a dwarf cedar; it also holds the Japanese Adam and Eve, and the mystic turtle and stork. The two special attendants of bride and bridegroom are called butterflies, and in their dress and colouring rival these beautiful insects, which in this country are the symbol of conjugal felicity. The most solemn part of the marriage ceremony is the scene of the two-mouthed vase. At a signal, one butterfly fills the vase, and the other offers it to the kneeling couple, the husband drinking first, and afterwards the wife. This draught signifies that henceforward they are to partake equally of the bitters and sweets of the coming years. Rice is thrown from either side, so as to mingle, and the wicks of two candles are placed together, to symbolise the joining of body and soul.

#### HOUSE AND HOME.

In our comfortable and well-ordered households we are all too prone to forget how the poor live, and with what difficulties they have to contend when they marry and try to bring up a family on a varying wage, and in the limited surroundings at their disposal. Though we know much has been done, still the subject is so vast that at present only the fringes of the matter have been reached, and only those who are brought in daily contact with the artisan classes of London and our large manufacturing towns can realise the grinding poverty which besets so large a portion of the community, and the effect it has on the rising generation.

This subject was brought before the notice of the Home Secretary recently by a deputation from the British Medical Association, who desire, if possible, to diminish the high rate of infant mortality at present existing in those manufacturing towns where the wives of working men are employed in factories. It is proved

by statistics that double the number of children die within one year of birth in such places as Leicester, Blackburn and Preston compared with rural districts like Hertfordshire, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, where infants are under the direct charge of their mothers and most natural protectors.

There is little doubt, if we go into the matter, that children born in centres devoted to textile industries are swept off in this wholesale manner owing to the unnatural conditions in which they are reared. Putting, for a moment, the child out of the question, it must have a debasing effect upon a woman who has undertaken the engrossing duties of wifehood and maternity to labour in such surroundings as a factory offers for nine or ten hours a day (the eight hour day for which the working man clamours seldom applies to the weaker vessel), to be followed by two or three hours' weary labour in looking after the needs of the family and home. What sort of home can exist under such circumstances? And can any pecuniary return compensate for such a condition of life? To get up, day by day, at five o'clock, to snatch a hasty meal, and to drag a partially-dressed child through the streets to a neighbour's on the way to the factory can be good neither for the mother nor her offspring, and doubtless in a large measure accounts for the race of badly fed, undergrown and enervated men and women, who, in their turn, propagate the species.

Though I do not aspire to be a Woman's Righter (except in the sense of a Woman's Writer), and have no wish to join the Shrieking Sisterhood, whose desires are without limit and altogether beyond my ken, I do feel that this is a question which appeals to all true women, married or single, and that, individually and collectively, we should make every effort to alter the present state of things, so as to insure, as far as possible, that the wife of a working man shall be able to subsist on the wages earned by her husband, so as to devote her entire attention to the well-being of her family and home.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

A well-known exponent of the art of dressing artistically has laid down the axiom that harmonies are, in the majority of cases, more successful than contrasts,



and that many a woman not too largely endowed with Nature's choicest gift, beauty, would appear to advantage if she eschewed bright and garish colours, and took some portion of her own anatomy as a keynote, as, for instance, the flesh tints or the colour of the hair or eyes. This view was brought home very forcibly to me a short time since, when I met an Indian lady wearing a black gown of some soft, clinging material, a picturesque hat of velvet with sable plumes resting on luxuriant but ebony tresses, and a trimly built tailor-made jacket of tan cloth, which toned exactly with her complexion. The effect was pleasing to the eye, denoted a certain refinement of mind, and was, in all respects, an improvement on the costume generally adopted in this country by those who hail from the sunny Orient.

If women would only make a careful study of their faces and figures, and garb themselves accordingly, we should not be shocked by the incongruities we are so frequently confronted with, and which prove to us in the most conclusive manner how much we have still to learn before we succeed in making ourselves as attractive as possible. A variety of circumstances combine to bring into the world a race of people who cannot strictly lay claim to beauty, but who, nevertheless, have some good points, which might be accentuated, while the inferior ones could be concealed, if only common-sense were brought to bear on the simple things of everyday life. We women cling so desperately to youth that we entirely forget that later periods bring us other compensations, and that a comely matron, or even a silver-haired and benevolent old

lady, can charm when sweet seventeen is doing her level best to monopolise the

attention of what we believe in our hearts, though we do not often put it into words, is the nobler and superior sex. It is simply appalling to meet, night after night, those who have long passed the fair, fat and forty period boldly displaying their too redundant or attenuated forms to the gaze of all and sundry, and who hug to themselves the conviction that rouge and pearl powder cannot be distinguished from the natural bloom of a youthful and healthy complexion.

A middle-aged woman will respect herself, and be more respected by others, if she drape her person in velvet, brocade and other rich fabrics which fall in stately folds and give her dignity, than if she persists in decking herself in muslin,

crépon, net or similar materials, because in the long since past they suited her particular style. Gossamers belong to the young, with their dimpled arms, shoulders of snowy whiteness and necks like columns of ivory; and their golden locks need no ornament, save, perhaps, a rose nestling in its green leaves—fit emblem of the goddess of youth and beauty.

Ye middle-aged syrens, remember for your comfort that all is not lost when you pluck out, in fear and trembling, the first grey hair, or observe that Time has carved lines upon your brow. Cleopatra was verging on forty when she fascinated Marc Antony and retained his undiminished affection till her death, ten years later. Helen of Troy, according to Walpole, had numbered four score years when Paris succumbed to her charms. Pericles wedded

the lovely Aspasia when she was thirty-six and, if history may be depended upon,



A HOUSE DRESS.



BALL DRESS.

she possessed a reputation for beauty for thirty years afterwards. In modern times we have other striking instances. Ninon de l'Enclos was worshipped for her personal charms by three generations of Frenchmen, and at seventy-two the Abbé de Berais fell in love with her. Madame de Maintenon became the wife of Louis XIV. when she was forty-three, and the world-famed Madame Récamier at thirty-eight was regarded as the most beautiful woman in Europe. It can hardly be supposed that these belles of the past retained their sway over the hearts of men by the symmetry of their features alone. Doubtless they also

possessed a personal magnetism, a charm of manner, and an unusual degree of culture, which seemed to their admirers to endow them with perpetual youth; at any rate, we may safely conclude that they did not depend upon the meretricious arts practised by so many women of the present day, who might to their advantage take to heart Burns' wholesome advice:—

"O wad some power the  
giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others  
see us;  
It wad frae monie a  
blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

Petunia, a warm purple, is the favourite colour this season, both for day and evening wear, and is likely to remain popular for some time, as it is becoming both to blondes and brunettes. In *miroir* velvet, which is used both for gowns and millinery, it is particularly effective, as in different lights the shades harmonise perfectly, and cast a silvery sheen which is more easily imagined than described. It has been used in the house-gown shown in the accompanying sketch, which is composed of empress poplin, a thick corded silken fabric, and is fastened down the back. The dress is cut *en princesse*, with perfectly plain full skirt and puffed sleeves. Folds of petunia velvet are

caught on the corsage by a bow of the same, and there are others on the shoulders. It also appears in the cuffs and collar, and gives a richness to the costume, and takes away from its extreme simplicity of outline.

At this season balls and evening parties follow each other in rapid succession, and one desires as much variety as possible in the toilets used on these occasions. For a young married woman nothing could be more appropriate than this charming sketch of a satin gown, embroidered round the edge of the skirt. The sleeves and revers are of velvet, as is the girdle, while the stomacher and ruffles are of closely-pleated

chiffon. This gown can be made in a variety of colours; it is, however, particularly effective if carried out in shades of *eau de Nil*, buttercup yellow or turquoise blue.

Fancy dress balls are, I think, better adapted for the young people than for their grown-up sisters and brothers. Children don their picturesque garments with inimitable grace and an unconscious charm, which is wanting when their elders masquerade. For such dresses Liberty stuffs offer endless combinations, and are

very suitable for national costumes, of which the Turkish Maiden is a good example, and is a design which might easily be copied at home. Very pretty, too, is the Poppy dress, with bodice and skirt of accordion-pleated *mousseline de soie*, and the petals of the flower, and belt in bright crimson silk. Large silk poppies appear on the shoulders and bust, and one of extra size is used for a head-dress. With this costume, neat black shoes and silk stockings look best.

This idea, of course, could be carried out in other flowers; and the water lily, rose, crocus, chrysanthemum and sunflower afford a choice of colouring.



FANCY DRESSES.—TURKISH MAIDEN AND POPPY.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the frequency of accidents in the London streets, and wisely suggests that at the most congested points in crowded thoroughfares they should be supplied with light bridges for the use of foot passengers, so that those who do not wish to meet with a premature death can cross from one side to the other in safety. Though granting the advantage of the mid refugees already in existence, it would add to the convenience of women and children if they were placed at more frequent intervals; and the bridges referred to, I am convinced would be regarded as a priceless boon, not only by Londoners of the fair sex, but by country cousins in their periodical visits to town. Year by year the traffic increases, and though wooden and asphalt pavements are good for our nerves, they in other respects increase the difficulties. We can all sympathise with another writer, who states: "During a short shilling drive I counted nine full-grown persons whose sole apparent aim was to commit suicide under the wheels of my cab; and had it not been for a smart driver, with a knowing horse, some of these persons must inevitably have been knocked down and perhaps killed." Would it be *infra dig.* for the London County Council to devote their attention to a matter of simplicity to them, but of considerable importance to a large number of the inhabitants of the finest city in the world.

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An important Conference, attended by delegates from all the leading schools of cookery in the country, has been held in London, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of issuing diplomas only to those who have undergone at least one year's study in a school for the training of cookery teachers, and on passing an examination by an independent board of examiners, approved by the Education Department. This resolution was put to the meeting and passed by a large majority; and, during the Conference, interesting papers were read by Lady Aberdare, Mrs. Beaty Pownall, Mrs. Gurney Buxton, by Mr. Acland and other authorities on this subject. By this means it is hoped that an improved system of teaching will be inaugurated, and that all improperly

trained and incompetent persons will be excluded from this branch of woman's work.

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I should also like to call our readers' attention to a well-managed residential school for household and domestic training (under the direction of Mrs. Black, the Hon. Sec. of the North Midland School of Cookery, and Miss Brander, who holds a first-class diploma in cookery), at Camp End, near Malvern. This district is well known as one of the finest health resorts in the kingdom, and the terms, thirty shillings a week for board, residence and instruction, bring it within the means of the middle classes, for whom it is chiefly intended. It often happens that girls, though highly educated in other matters, are ignorant of household lore, which is difficult to learn in their own homes, from a variety of causes. Yet we cannot think that a woman is prepared to undertake the usual responsibilities which fall to her share, unless she has been taught how to conduct a household on a thoroughly practical basis. Even if a girl has no home of her own, she will find such knowledge of infinite use in any career she may adopt; and parents cannot do better than devote the last year of her education to such a course. In Germany they manage these matters better than we do, for families exchange daughters for a time, so as to give them as much experience as possible, with the result that the German women are the best trained housewives in Europe.

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Among the many women who, during the nineteenth century, have identified themselves with movements for furthering the interests of their sex, Mrs. Massingberd, of Gunby, holds a promising position. Her time, wealth and influence have ever been at the disposal of such organisations as the British Temperance Association and the United Kingdom Alliance, and she is also an earnest advocate for Woman's Suffrage. An eloquent speaker, her moral power is far-reaching, and a very brief acquaintance convinces those who come in contact with her that earnestness of purpose and true philanthropy are her chief characteristics. The immense amount of work Mrs. Massingberd gets through is a source of wonder to all

who know her, for as a busy labourer in the world's hive must she be regarded, rather than as a society woman. Somewhat awe-inspiring on a first introduction, from a quiet, incisive manner, which only partially conceals the many kindly qualities of mind and heart, it takes time to realise what ample proof has been given of the truth of the old axiom: "Deeds speak louder than words." Those who have the best opportunities of judging regard this trifling blemish as dust in the balance compared with that broad-minded charity which so gently conceals wounds inflicted by those who should be bound to her by every tie of love and gratitude. These, happily, are in the minority, for the name of Mrs. Massingberd's friends is "Legion," and include all classes of society. When in her Lincolnshire home, she is often to be found addressing the tenants and labourers on her estate at a bright mission room she has built for the purpose. On coming into possession of her property, the "Massingberd Arms" was re-opened as a temperance hotel; and there is also a flourishing coffee house at Bournemouth, which owes its success to the enterprise of this many-sided woman.

It is, however, as President of the Pioneer Club, that Mrs. Massingberd is best known, and where all the kind and true instincts of a nature singularly free from those petty weaknesses so common, alas, to many of her sex have full play. Here she reigns supreme, not only as proprietor and promoter of the handsome house in Bruton Street, but in the hearts of the many members of the club, who owe to her lavish generosity a *rendezvous* which for its handsome appointments and the advantages it offers, is an absolutely unique institution.



Having myself enjoyed for a considerable time the benefits conferred on Pioneers, I feel that I am in a position to speak with authority on the subject, and am all the more desirous to do so, as I am sure that there must be a large number of women in London and the Provinces, to whom such information would be welcome.

In less than three years a membership of four hundred and seventy-six had been secured, and these embrace writers, artists, musicians, actresses, society women, and many workers who interest themselves in prominent questions of the day. At the receptions, debates, cosy house teas and social dinners, one encounters such leading lights in their various professions as Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Louise Jopling, Miss Fanny Brough, Mrs. Theodore Wright, Madame Sarah Grand, John Strange Winter, Mrs. Paul King, Curtis Yorke, Miss Sharman Crawford, Mrs. Sibthorpe, Mrs. Gordon, Dr. Muriel Maitland King, Mrs. Katherine St. Hill, F.C.S., Mrs. Oscar Beringer, and a host of others equally famous but too numerous to mention. All candidates for admission must be proposed and seconded by members of the club. Those who are not personally acquainted with a member should make application to the Secretary, 22, Bruton Street, London, who will forward full particulars to intending Pioneers, or will show the club premises daily between 10 and 5; and Saturdays from 10 to 2. There is an entrance fee of two guineas, and an annual subscription of the same amount. Members may bring one friend to the debates and a limited number to the afternoon receptions and social evenings, for a nominal sum to cover the cost of refreshments. Bedrooms are available for country mem-

bers from 4/6 per night, or those desiring to dress for the theatre, etc., can do so by arrangement. The catering is in the hands of a housekeeper, assisted by a competent staff of servants, and all meals are well served at moderate prices. Three handsome drawing-rooms and the dining-room are at the disposal of members and their friends. And three other apartments, including comfortable dressing and reading rooms, are reserved for members only. The latter is supplied with the newest books, a circulating library, writing materials, etc. Electric light is used throughout the house, which was originally the town residence of Lord Hastings, and chosen on account of its central position. In the reception rooms the draperies and panelled walls of buttercup brocade contrast prettily with the ivory paint used for the woodwork. Two mottoes are introduced in the decorations, "Love Thyself Last," and "In Great things Unity, in small things Liberty, in all things Charity." The furniture principally consists of French marquetry; a

grand piano suggests sweet strains of music, and cosy corners, with luxurious springs and down-stuffed seats, with the easiest of chairs and lounges, invite one to linger in such pleasant surroundings. Among many other gifts from the President to the club, is a magnificent painting, entitled "The Birth of a Planet." This occupies a prominent position over a fireplace, which in winter displays a fire of huge dimensions, and in summer is gay with flowers. There is also a liberal supply of daily and illustrated newspapers. Though the Pioneer is a ladies' club, gentlemen are cordially welcomed at the various entertainments given, and there is no desire expressed or implied to exclude the sterner sex. An impression seems to have gone abroad that this cosy dwelling is the chosen lair of the "New Woman," that fertile invention of the journalistic brain. But if the monstrosity exists, which I have reason to doubt, she is certainly not to be discovered among those who delight to frequent the Pioneer Club.





By AGNES WALTERSTORFF.

ONE often hears that "truth is stranger than fiction," but it is seldom that the fact comes home to one so strongly as it did to me a little while ago, when I was told a story, which, had I read it anywhere, I should certainly have regarded as the purest fiction.

I was staying for a few weeks last summer at Brighton, and used to spend a good deal of my time on the beach; where, seated within safe distance of the incoming tide, I was never tired of watching the restless play of the waves, as they came lapping almost to my feet, and the sails passing to and fro along the Channel, looking in the distance like white wings skimming the horizon. "Outward bound," many of them, bearing to the other end of the world a goodly cargo of human lives—poor, driven souls, who worsted in the fight for existence in their own, were setting out for a new country, and now on the crowded decks were gazing with dim, wistful eyes on the shores they would never see again.

One morning I was sitting, as usual, close to the sea, with a book in my lap; though that was only for appearance sake, for it was one of those ideally beautiful days when the mere sense of living seems

pleasure enough, and thoughts only idly rest on the beauties of earth and sky. The sea was perfectly calm, and looked as bright and innocent as if never an angry storm had lashed its smiling surface into tempestuous waves; and the tiny ripples, as they broke, with a gentle splash, over the pebbles, seemed like little children at play. There was only one dark spot in all that sunny brightness—the figure of a lady in deepest mourning, standing motionless by the water's edge. I had often noticed her on the beach and wondered who she was; she was always alone, and sometimes would sit for hours with bent head and hands idly folded in her lap; and very pathetic I thought she looked in the sombre crape garments which seemed almost to weigh down the slim, girlish figure.

To-day, however, for the first time, I saw her face, for she passed close beside me with her veil thrown back; it was one I can never forget; quite young (she could not have been more than twenty at the most), yet her hair was snow white, and her large, mournful eyes had a strange, scared look in them, very painful to see. What could have brought it there? I wondered; and I sat lost in vague spe-

culatation, when a hand on my shoulder startled me out of my reverie.

"What is the nature of the problem now?" asked a merry voice in my ear.

"Oh, Alice!" I cried, pulling the ques-

mourner yonder, with the girl's face and the snow-white hair."

Alice's eyes, following the direction of my gaze, rested on the black-robed figure now sitting at a little distance from us.



LUCY JUMPED OUT OF BED TO SEE WHO IT WAS.

tioner down beside me on the beach; "you have come just in the nick of time to help me solve it; you, who are a walking encyclopædia of general information, can no doubt tell me all about the

"Ah, that is Mrs. C——," she said, her voice falling to a pitying whisper; "poor girl, she was widowed before she was hardly a wife; hers is a strange, sad story."

"And now, like a good soul, you are going to tell me all about it," I cried, my interest and curiosity still further excited.

"Well, it is not a long story, so I will, if you like." And Alice, settling herself down by my side, began:

"Just about this time last year, Mrs. C—— (she was pretty Lucy Ashton then) went on a visit to the Morgans of B——shire. You know them by name, I think; they have one of the nicest places in the county—a lovely old Manor House with gabled roof and high casement windows and all sorts of queer out-of-the-way nooks and corners. It had been a monastery once, before monks went out of fashion in England; but they seemed to have cleared out conscientiously, for no one, as far as I know, has ever seen any of their departed spirits lurking about at untimely hours of the night, though it is an ideal sort of a place for harbouring any amount of ghosts.

"Lucy was very fond of going to the Morgans, and often used to stay with them, but this visit was to be her last before her marriage, for she was just engaged, and the wedding was to come off about the New Year. One night, soon after her arrival, she was suddenly awakened by the sound of wheels driving up to the hall door, which was just beneath her bedroom window. Visitors could hardly be arriving in the dead of night, she thought; besides, the house was quite full already. So she jumped out of bed to see who it could possibly be; perhaps someone was taken ill and the doctor was sent for. Drawing aside her blind a little, she looked out and saw, to her dismay, a hearse standing before the door. Could there have been a death in the house, she wondered. As far as she knew, no one had even been ill. Perhaps, however, one of the servants had died, and Mrs. Morgan, not wishing to distress or frighten her visitors, was having the body taken away in the middle of the night. This was the only solution Lucy could think of; and she lingered by the window to watch the coffin brought out, but none came; the hall door remained closed, there was not the slightest stir in the house, and outside all was dead silence. Even the horses stood perfectly motionless, and the driver sat still and rigid on the box, except once when he lifted his head and gazed fixedly at the window at which Lucy was standing. The moon shone full on his face,

and she saw it distinctly; it gave her a shock—it was so deadly pale, and there was such a strange, solemn look in the large black eyes.

"The next moment the man gathered up the reins, and the hearse drove slowly away.

"It was long before Lucy slept that night, as you may imagine, the incident having left a very painful impression on her mind.

"The next morning she tried to find out, in an indirect way, if anyone had lately died in the house; she did not like to ask the question point blank, or to speak of what she had seen, in case, as she supposed, a death had occurred which her hostess, for the sake of her visitors, wished to conceal. She could elicit nothing, however, which could in any way throw light on the matter, so she went to the housekeeper next (an old retainer of the family) and tried to pump her, but was not more successful there; as far as she could learn, nobody had been even ill, either at the Manor House or the village. Puzzled and uneasy, Lucy was obliged at last to give up attempting to solve the mystery, and tried to dismiss the matter from her mind altogether.

"The next night, as she was tossing about on her bed, unable to sleep, she was startled again by the sound of wheels crunching along the carriage drive; they stopped, as on the previous night, in front of the hall door. With a beating heart, Lucy jumped up to see what it was. It was the hearse again! Sick with fright, she hardly knew why, she watched by the window to see if any coffin were brought out; but, after waiting a little while, the hearse drove away empty as it had come, though not before the driver with the strange white face and solemn eyes had cast another long look at Lucy's window.

"The poor girl was quite ill the next morning, which gave her a good excuse for returning home immediately, for she felt she could not possibly stay another night at the Manor House. Some unaccountable feeling at the time kept her from speaking of what she had seen, though for many weeks after the remembrance of the strange incident preyed upon her nerves and seriously affected her health and spirits. As winter approached, however, Lucy began to cheer up, the preparations for her marriage diverted her mind, and she at last almost

succeeded in forgetting the circumstance altogether. The wedding took place at the new year, and the young couple started immediately after for Paris, which was to be their first halt *en route* for Italy. Lucy was quite herself by this time, and set off for her honeymoon as bright and joyous a bride as one could wish to see. They went to Hotel —, but, as it was very full, were obliged to content themselves with rooms *au quatrième*. Here, however, to Lucy's great delight, they found the Bennet family quartered; the girls were old school friends of hers, and she had not seen them for a long time, as they had been travelling. The day before they left, which was soon after the C.'s arrival, they all agreed to dine at the hotel *table d'hôte* and go to the theatre afterwards. There was a lift up to the fourth floor, and just before dinner time the whole party assembled outside it, intending to go down together. Lucy, who had forgotten something in her room and had run to fetch it, was the last to get in, just as she was in the act of doing so, her eye fell on the man who managed the lift and she drew back with a shudder—it was the face of the man who had driven the hearse. Startled and agitated, she begged her husband and friends to get out and walk down, but they were comfortably settled in their seats, and laughingly objected to turn out again for what

they considered a mere whim of Lucy's. The altercation was ended at last by the man pulling the ropes; the lift began to descend, and Lucy was left standing alone. 'Good-bye,' a merry chorus of voices called out to her, 'we'll meet at the bottom.' For a minute or two a strange, stunned feeling seemed to chain her to the spot, then she flew, rather than ran, down the long flights of stairs to the ground floor, where the party was to get out. A group of frightened waiters were clustered round the entrance to the lift, pitying hands were stretched out to stop her, but she forced her way through like one possessed. The door to the lift was open, but husband and friends were still within, dead! all dead! There had been an accident, the ropes had broken and all were killed instantaneously.

"Lucy was struck down with brain fever after that, and for weeks hovered between life and death; she recovered—the wreck you see her now."

Alice's voice ceased, and for a time there was silence between us. "Come," she said at last, "the sun is really getting too hot; we shall be cooler indoors;" so we turned to go. The poor mourner in the distance was still sitting with clasped hands and eyes gazing wistfully over the blue expanse of water which lay between her and the shores where her young life's happiness lay buried.





## INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

Small Dramatic  
Sketches

### NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By JOHN A. STEUART.

**T**O eat or not to eat, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the man to suffer the pangs and burnings of outrageous hunger, or to risk his life on common fare. There are many theorists in this supremely happy era. Some of them are vegetarians, and some are flesh eaters; and the flesh eaters will have nothing to do with vegetarians, or *vice versa*, save by way of warning or condemnation. Unluckily, the admonitions and reproofs are so contradictory that it is impossible for ordinary folks to know what to eat and what to let alone. You decide to stick to dried roots and a crust of brown bread as the natural diet of man, and forthwith someone with an imposing string of letters to his name gravely informs you that you are practically committing suicide. In the greatest alarm, you instantly change your course, in accordance with the information, and no sooner are you happy in the consciousness of having taken good advice than another savant, with a still

more imposing string of letters to his name, begs of you, for Heaven's sake, to desist from animal food if you wish to live. The poetic tradition declares that there is death in the cup; but to-day death seems to lurk especially in fleshpots and vegetable matter. Watercress engenders typhoid fever, tempting American apples are saturated with arsenic, and the toothsome joint that smokes on the table is infected with tuberculosis. How many frightful diseases fish harbour has not been ascertained, and game is poisonous. What is to be done? Gorge and die, or starve and die? In either case, the final result will seem to philosophic minds to be pretty much the same. The question, then, is whether the primrose path or the thorny way is to be chosen.

Mr. Josiah Oldfield is the latest to warn an unthinking public against the fleshpots of England. Not that Mr. Oldfield holds





that flesh-eating is in itself necessarily unwholesome. Not at all. The ingenious Moor, cutting the juicy steak from the living cow and plastering the wound with whatever was handiest, was cruel but rational. Rational, too, was the Red Indian who shot his game and ate it before it had time to cool. But the Briton, being subject to the laws and conventions of civilisation, is not at liberty to follow these noble examples, and suffers in consequence. Mr. Oldfield, who writes learnedly on the fattening of cattle for the rich man's table, avers that something like seventy-five per cent. of our stall-fed cattle are diseased. When young stock, says Mr. Oldfield pleasantly, show signs of chronic ill-health, instead of being allowed to die in a Christian manner, they are immediately tied up and fattened for the butchers. This is an agreeable piece of information, and cannot fail to whet the appetite. Tuberculosis is the besetting disease of our prime cattle, and they revenge themselves on man by carrying infection to the eater; for Mr. Oldfield warns us that cooking does not always, nor, indeed, in the majority of cases, destroy the bacilli. These have the hardness of the wicked. A man goes into a Turkish bath to pant at one hundred and twenty degrees of heat, but the bacillus is happy at anything under two hundred and twelve. It rather likes being soaked in boiling water, and is not to be diverted from its fell purpose by the glow of the closed oven.

After this, I shall expect to hear that the Official Receiver has a busy time of it with bankrupt butchers, and that the shares of vegetarian restaurants are at a solid premium. Yet we must not forget the danger that lies in the innocent vegetable. Readers of fiction will remember Caleb Balderstone's sage remarks about cabbage. But science has added discoveries and comments of far graver import in regard to the natural diet of man. On the whole, therefore, if we wish to be

logical, we must studiously abstain from food of all sorts and die rapidly of starvation. But most men are not logical, and the chances are that butchers will continue to flourish and the public to eat flesh in appalling quantities, even with Mr. Oldfield's admonition ringing in its ears. For the roast beef of old England is not to be discarded in fear of either the venom or the hardihood of bacilli.

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What is a sound speculative investment? A sound investment one understands, and a speculative investment is also intelligible, but an investment that is at once sound and speculative is something of a financial puzzle. If an investment is sound, how can it be speculative? And if speculative, how are we to be assured of its soundness? A certain city gentleman, who invites his friends to grasp untold wealth, may possibly be able to answer these questions. Meanwhile, we may look at the sound and speculative investment which is to yield fabulous returns. To begin with, it concerns Western Australia. As the reader is doubtless aware, there is at present a gold boom in that quarter of the globe. Sir Malcolm Fraser, the Agent-general of the Colony, is reported to have said that "the wealth which is resting there *must* be something which will startle the world." Pray mark the diplomatic form of the statement. There *must* be. We Western Australians

have made up our minds to have a little boom, therefore the precious ore *must* be there in startling quantities. Time proves or disproves all things, and we shall see. Meanwhile, the public is asked to speculate in a sound investment. So far as I can discover, this means that you are to pay your money smilingly and await what the Fates may send. That is evidently a sound speculative investment. Next year, we are told, there is to be such a boom in Western Australia as the world



ON THE LUGGAGE WHETHER SHALL I DO IT  
 PUT MY BIT IN COMMONS & HAVEN'T GOT A USE  
 LOST MY LOT IN 80 PERCENT LIKE A SILLY MAN  
 ON THE LUGGAGE WHAT A BREADLOAF I YAM



(which has, in its time, witnessed many strange things) has never seen. Are stock-brokers on confidential terms with the gods, then, that the spirit of prophecy is so strong upon them?

What is the situation? Already, half a hundred companies, with an aggregate capital of something like five millions sterling, have been floated to take advantage of this boom. How much of that vast sum is going to be lost to investors? At a modest calculation, we may say eighty per cent. I have had some experience of booms. I have known men intimately who were millionaires in the evening and paupers next morning. Out of nothing in this world does the "bottom" go with such fatal facility as out of a "boom." When the Psalmist spoke of the celerity with which riches take wing, he must have had a prophetic vision of our day. In the very nature of the thing, a boom is a false

inflation — a temporary rise in prices, that must inevitably fall suddenly and disastrously. He who succeeds in speculation wins at the expense of someone else. We need not now stay to consider the moral principle involved in gambling. Let us ignore principles and look to practical results. A boom is a blind game of chance. You do not buy and sell: you gamble in what is merely problematic. You take potentialities for actualities; you risk your money on the turn of a wheel; and you know that there must be a large number of victims. As each thinks all other men mortal but himself, so every speculator tries to believe that good luck will be his, let who may suffer. Unhappily, there is no certainty in a boom except its uncertainty, which is very certain indeed.

Moreover, it has to be observed that in regard to the mines of Western Australia reports are extremely contradictory. Agents-general and the promoters of booms tell us, of course, that the wealth secreted there must be enormous; but, on the other hand, old miners aver that the prospects are not quite satisfactory. The "leads," or veins, are of the delusive sort, which promise untold gold in one section, and in the next end abruptly. That there is gold in Western Australia is unquestionable, but that it is there in paying quantities has still to be proved. The specimens of ore sent to this country must not be implicitly accepted as evidence of exhaustless wealth. The fires



that are now being lighted will burn many fingers, and it is for the intending investor to see that he runs as little risk as may be. By this time next year we shall be in a better position to appraise the riches in store for us. As yet, practically nothing has been done but the floating of companies and the issuing of touting circulars.

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I believe it is a truism that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Occasionally, however, the fact is driven home to thinking people with a fresh and fearful force. Many moving and striking events have lately taken place. A Czar has died; a Czar has mounted a throne; a Czar has been married. And courts and courtiers have wept one moment, as if with breaking hearts, and the next shouted in unbounded ecstasies, *Le roi est mort; vive le roi*, and men adjust their countenances accordingly. The monarchs and princes of Europe have been assembling in gorgeous state to bury an emperor, and

help an emperor to take a wife. Retinues, equipages, solemn ceremonials, brilliant functions have been the order of the day; and while the great were disporting themselves in costly shows at St. Petersburg at the public expense, an English workman and his family were starving in Kentish Town. They might have died from want of food but for an accident. A boy was found begging in the streets, and was promptly taken into custody by an outraged vindicator of the law. The lad confessed that he had been sent out by his parents, adding, with superfluous frankness, that with the alms bestowed upon him he had for two months kept the family alive.

Enquiries were made, and such a scene of wretchedness discovered as the Recording Angel must surely set down against Christian England. "They were respectable people," says the report, with a pathetic realism beyond M. Zola and his disciples, "and were in a state of abject poverty. The family consisted of father, mother and six children, of whom the prisoner was the eldest. In one room were a mattress and some old sacks, and in the other room a very old bed and bedstead, a few old chairs and some boxes; and these formed the furniture of the home. The man had been out of employment for eighteen weeks, and prior to that had



been in the parish infirmary for ten months. The parents admitted having sent the elder boy out to beg for broken food. The mother of the lad was now ill in bed, in an emaciated and weak condition, as a result of the semi-starvation life they had all been living." Watchman, what of the night? And the watchman answered: "Misery and wretchedness unspeakable; children crying for bread and receiving none, and parents, shivering, hunger-pinched through the freezing, dreary night, wishing for the morning, and afraid of it." In one quarter the dazzling light falls upon loaded tables and festive scenes; in another an honest and indus-

trious family sit in rags, eager to snatch the bone from which the pampered dog would turn in disdain. It is all a pretty commentary on the blessings of civilisation. Apart from socialistic doctrines, one cannot help thinking that the wealth of this world is most unevenly divided.

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The magistrate before whom the boy and his father were haled humanely refused to punish either. "He pitied the parents and the boy far more than he blamed them," we are told. So well he might. He might have gone further, and asked how it was that a respectable British workman was left to starve? The stereotyped reply would be, of course, that there are workhouses for the destitute. The fact is beyond all question. But let us not forget that the respectable poor, or, perhaps more properly, the deserving poor, would, in many instances, rather perish of cold and hunger than voluntarily enter the ranks of paupers. They think it a disgrace to receive parish relief. The feeling may be foolish, but the pride which underlies it has contributed more than anything else to the prosperity which is now the lot of our country. Let us respect the reticence of poor Woodley, and hope that he and his family will have something warm both inside and out until the wage-earner is again permitted to labour for a living.

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The task of saying something about current literature is this month a particularly hard one, for we have just passed through the season in which books good, bad and indifferent do most abound. The bad and the indifferent, unfortunately, make up the majority, yet the minority is not contemptible, either in point of number or point of quality. Fiction has, of course, been much in evidence, for the typical Christmas book is necessarily a story-book. The intellectual and imaginative fare provided during the Christmas of 1894 was not of exceptional merit. Your writer of tales for the young moves in grooves. Year after year the same plots are used and the same tedious old morals enforced. Year after year also there is the same lofty disdain of style and grammar. The Christmas book is a temporary and often a trumpery thing, so we need not discuss it at length. Among books that have a smack of literature, a

high place must be accorded to the English translation of Flammarion's "Popular Astronomy" (Chatto and Windus). Never before has the science of the heavens been treated with such fulness and interest as in this fascinating book. For Flammarion is a man of letters as well as a man of science, a man of letters, too, endowed with the wondrous gifts of lucidity and charm which distinguish the best French writers. In England our men of science condemn style; it is even said that Tyndall and Huxley have degraded science by condescending to style. Such notions do not obtain on the other side of the Channel, and consequently when a French savant writes he writes not like a compiler, but like a scholar and a man of the world. Flammarion's book is much more absorbing than most novels, more romantic than most romances, more poetic than most poems, yet strictly and scientifically accurate. Readers with any taste for what is best, both in science and letters, ought by hook or by crook to procure the book and read it. Another work of exceptional interest, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is the "Life of Edison," by W. K. L. and Antonia Dickson. Edison is the wizard of these latter days, and the story of his life is at once edifying and interesting.

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Coming to letters proper, one of the best books of the season is the "Life and Times of John Greenleaf Whittier," by S. T. Pickard (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.). Whittier was at once a poet and a reformer; he took a prominent part in one of the most memorable struggles of this or any century, and his biography is consequently rich in all the elements of human interest which bring literature close to men's hearts. Mr. Pickard's two handsome volumes contain much matter from the poet's own pen—matter, it may be said, of great and enduring value; and the whole book is written with an intimacy and fulness of knowledge that cannot fail to give it a permanent place in popular biography. A work of different type, yet of first-rate importance, also issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., is "Venice Depicted with Pen and Pencil." Here we have Venice as she actually is, not as poets have sung, or romancers written of her, but as she leaped into life under the magic pencil of artists of genius.



There are some two hundred superb illustrations in the volume, and the descriptive text is clear and full. As a souvenir of, or guide to, one of the most romantic and magnificent of the world's cities, this book deserves the attention both of readers and collectors. In fiction proper, as distinct from gift-books, among the most attractive things recently issued are the collected works of the Brontë sisters in seven volumes, and Mrs. Gaskell's works in eight volumes (Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.). Each set is enclosed in a neat case, the type is clear, the binding tasteful, and altogether these editions ought to have a wide sale. Yet another work that deserves popularity is "Pomona's Travels," by Frank R. Stockton (Cassell and Co.). It is not the best book that has come from Mr. Stockton's pen, but it is so much above the average funny book that it merits, and will doubtless enjoy, a very wide circulation.

J. A. S.

#### DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

By the time these lines are in print Christmas will have come and gone, and we shall be in the midst of the productions devoted to that festive season. Sir Augustus Harris proposes to outdo himself, and Dick Whittington this year promises to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The transformation scene is to be of an entirely new description, and that comical pair, the Brothers Grif-fiths are to be responsible for the harlequinade. "The Derby Winner," which at the time of writing is still running strong, will have to give

way for "Dick Whittington," and will no doubt be transferred to the Princess's Theatre. Drury Lane is not to be the only Christmas House, for at the Lyceum Mr. Oscar Barrett promises us "Santa Claus"—this only at afternoon performances, as Mr. Henry Irving requires his own theatre for "King Arthur." At the Opera Comique, Mr. Chance Newton is to provide a fairy play on the subject of "The House that Jack Built," with music by Mr. C. E. Howells; while at Daly's Mr. George Edwardes will produce, in the afternoons, Herr Humperdinck's successful German opera, "Hänsel und Gretel," which is something similar in its plot to our better-known "The Babes in the Wood."

A new author has been found in a gentleman who hides his identity under the *nom de plume* of S. X. Courte, and his piece, "The Wife of Dives," produced last month at the Opera Comique, has called forth some varied criticisms; but I think some of the critics were too severe in their wholesale condemnation of the piece in question. True, the plot is a very

gruesome and unsavoury one, but there is a great deal of merit in the piece. The construction is good, and any faults there may be may be put down to the inexperience of a young and new playwright. Some of the dialogue is brilliant and sparkling, and worthy of the pen of any of our leading dramatists. Mr. S. X. Courte has shown us that there is some good stuff in him, and if he will only take a more cheerful subject, I have no doubt he will give us a very excellent and acceptable play. We are too much in the habit of



MISS OLGA BRANDON.



running after the popular dramatist, actor or writer of the day, and refusing to acknowledge unknown merit. Many of us remember Horniman T. Thomson in "The Old Jew." We of the present day are too lavish of our admiration of "Horniman T. Thomson." I sincerely trust that Mr. S. X. Courte will not be disheartened by some of the adverse notices he received, but will persevere, and success will crown his efforts. But to the play. Julius Van Duccat, most admirably portrayed by Mr. G. W. Anson, is a wretched money-lending Jew millionaire, who marries a lady with a past, and is in the habit of entertaining many of his aristocratic clients at his hospitable board; and as he keeps a good table and good wine, his noble pigeons do not object to be entertained. Among other visitors, is one Darryl Dreighton, a former lover of Mrs. Van Duccat's, who now comes to the house, accompanied by his fiancée, one Cecily Allardyce. Dreighton is hard up, so Mrs. Van Duccat lends her diamond necklace to Cecily, to raise money for her lover. Mr. Van Duccat discovers the arrangement, and causes Cecily to be arrested for the theft, Mrs. Van not being



MR. COSMO STUART.



MR. CHARLES GLENNY

plucky enough to speak and clear her. Three years' penal servitude is meted out to the accused. Mrs. Van Duccat then tardily confesses to Darryl, and commits suicide. This briefly is the plot. True, the unpleasant story is leavened with plenty of light comedy by Lord Cyril Sieveking, the Rev. Boanerges Bodkin and Lady Haltwhistle. Mr. Charles Glenny gives a careful and studied performance of Darryl Dreighton. In this accomplished actor's hands the very best complexion is put on a very worthless hero, and Mr. Courte has been placed under an obligation to Mr. Glenny for his excellent handling of the part. Mr. Cosmo Stuart makes a very acceptable Lord Cyril Sieveking, and gives a very intelligent reading of the lines. Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who has a very good stage presence, is rapidly coming to the front. He goes to the Haymarket to Mr. Oscar Wilde's new piece early in January. Mr. Cecil Ramsey extracts a great deal of dry humour out of the Rev. Boanerges Bodkin,

and is never offensive, as many stage parsons are. In one part he is—the audience laugh at him—pathetic, where he states his willingness but inability to accept Van Duccat's invitation to dinner. Miss Carlotta Addison plays the part of a society dame with that nicety of finish and polish one always attributes to this talented actress; and Miss Lucy Wilson and Miss Florence Friend do their little—well. Miss Olga Brandon, under whose management the piece is produced, essays the thankless and unsympathetic part of Mrs. Van Duccat, and it is a great tribute to Miss Brandon that she is, by the subtlety of her art, able to make her audience appreciate and applaud such a heartless and uncongenial character as Mrs. Van Duccat, which the part undoubtedly is. "The Wife of Dives" has been ably produced by Mr. W. H. Day, and is well acted throughout. It is preceded by "A Folly of Age," a little piece by the same author, I believe, which is notable for the



MR. CECIL RAMSEY.

opportunity it gives Mr. Bonney to distinguish himself as Dick Ardingley, the persecuted, love-stricken, briefless young barrister.

\* \* \*  
Mr. Willie Edouin, when his lease expired at the Strand Theatre, nothing daunted or dismayed by much undeserved hard luck, started again at the same theatre, and produced "The Wrong Girl" and "The Queen's Prize." I wish I could say that both pieces were an unqualified success, for "The Wrong Girl" is decidedly funny, and Mr. Edouin deserves success. The idea is humorous enough to please the most fastidious. An old gentleman has a son espoused to

a young lady: no uncommon situation so far. The young gentleman objects to his father's choice, having made other arrangements, and tells papa so too in forcible terms. So when the young gentleman finds papa inexorable, he determines, with the assistance of another friend, to call in the aid of Willie Edouin of the Strand Theatre, and an actress, to impersonate his father's old friend and daughter. This is the more easy as the old gentleman with the daughter has been out in Egypt for some years. This idea is itself funny and the working out of the plot is funnier still. The old gentleman is Mr. Blakeley—unctuous, smug, complacent Mr. Blakeley—late of the Criterion Theatre; his daughter is Miss Daisy Bryer, a demure chit of a girl fresh from school. The imitators of this worthy couple are Mr. Willie Edouin—comic, effervescing, bubbling over with fun Willie Edouin of the Strand Theatre—and the actress that is to shock papa is vivacious Miss Fanny Brough. Given all this, add to it Forbes Dawson and Philip Cunningham, and you have the making of a good farcical comedy—and such it is. True, one has to have a lot of faith and pretend to think they do not notice any difference between the real Mr. Glenfield and the spurious imitation; this being done, all



MR. WILLIAM BONNEY.

goes well. One does not go to such a play to be hypercritical, but to laugh and be amused; and going thus, one comes away satisfied. Mr. Blakeley is, as he always is, simply delightful. You know you are going to laugh before Mr. Blakeley opens his mouth. Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Willie Edouin work hard and add to the fun, as only they can. Whatever either of these artistes does he or she does well. Mr. Howard Russell is the irascible and obdurate papa, and Mr. Philip Cunningham the much put upon son. Both render valuable assistance to the piece.

Mr. Forbes Dawson, or "Forby," as his familiars call him, is excellent, and proves by his sprightliness and lightness of comedy that he is not by any means to be ranked as an "outsider." Miss Lucile

Foote, Miss Daisy Bryer, Miss Helen Cresswell and Miss Violet Armbruster all contribute to the success of the comedy. Mr. Dudley Cloran over-acts the part of the moneylender, Isaac Lynx, and makes the Hebrew more offensive and prominent than is necessary. "The Wrong Girl" is preceded by "The Queen's Prize," which evidently is written as a skit on the female volunteer movement. I believe that some such body is in existence and that ladies are drilling constantly and hope eventually to be enrolled as a corps of Amazons. Miss Lu-

cile Foote and Miss Ettie Williams both look very charming and fetching in



MISS FANNY BROUGH.



MR. GORDON HARVEY.



MR. W. BLAKELEY.

their volunteer uniform, with knickers, and Mr. Gordon Harvey, as Lieutenant Bob Graves, carries the piece through on his shoulders. The comedietta, which is by Fenton Mackay, answers its purposes.

It is to be hoped that "The Wrong Girl" will prove the *right* girl for Mr. Edouin. Talking of girls, what a lot there have been on the boards lately. We have "The Gaiety Girl," "The Shop Girl," "The Wrong Girl," "The Gay Widow," "The Lady Slavey," and now we are promised "The Naughty Girl."

\* \* \*

Great things are expected of the next Lyceum production, "King Arthur," due in a few days. It is pleasant news to hear that Mr. Forbes Robertson is returning there. His eloquent and excellent rendering of the Duke of Buckingham will not be easily forgotten.

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Mr. Tree and his company are off to America, to place before American audiences the Haymarket repertoire, which includes "The Bunch of Violets," "John O'Dreams," "The Balladmonger," "The Red Lamp," "Captain Swift," "Called Back," and other Haymarket successes.

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Authors and actors have both been known to complain bitterly at the rough handling members of the Fourth Estate have given them in their respective journals. Indeed, cases have been known where the irate ones have haled the wicked writer before a judge, and demanded damages. We in this country are as mild as can be, compared with our brother scribes across the Atlantic. I take this from the *New York Tribune* of Oct. 16, 1894, as a criticism of a great London success:—

"The prosperous '1492' was succeeded at the Garden Theatre last night by another burlesque of somewhat similar character. 'Little Christopher Columbus' has had a long run at the Lyric Theatre in London. For the American stage the burlesque has been radically rearranged. This will be welcome news to those who are familiar with this sort of stage commodity in the English style of manufacture. A burlesque that has carried everything before it in London always has to be rearranged to make it acceptable in this country. Often it has been found that the best method is to cut out all after the title, and write a new piece. The changes in 'Little Christopher Columbus' have been such that it now stands forth as practically an American, rather than an English, production.

"The Rice productions can hardly be judged from their earlier performances, as they are likely to develop, after a while, into all that their managers claim them to be. Mr. Rice has often built up a success from even less promising foundations.

"Helen Bertram was the Christopher, and George Welton, 'from the principal London and Australian theatres,' made his first American appearance. He seemed well trained in the methods of burlesque. Four English dancers showed that the graceful dancing which Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray introduced in New York has changed only in that somersaults and other features of ground and lofty tumbling have been called to its assistance."

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171. A Diamond.

A consonant—A precious stone—Danger—An officer in the army  
—One who entertains with nocturnal music—An act beyond  
human power—A large spoon—A river in Ireland—A letter.

Conundrums.

- 172. What thing to live must lose its head?
- 173. Why is a quiet conscience like a fit of indigestion?
- 174. What book still remains whole when robbed of its leaves?
- 175. Why is a widower like a dilapidated house?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th January. Competitions should be addressed "January Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

162. *Dromedary.*

163. *A river.*

164. *Scott.*

*Celia.*

*Olden.*

*Tiers.*

*Tansy.*

165. *The road.*

166. *Because you always put your foot  
in it.*

167. *Because they feel for others.*

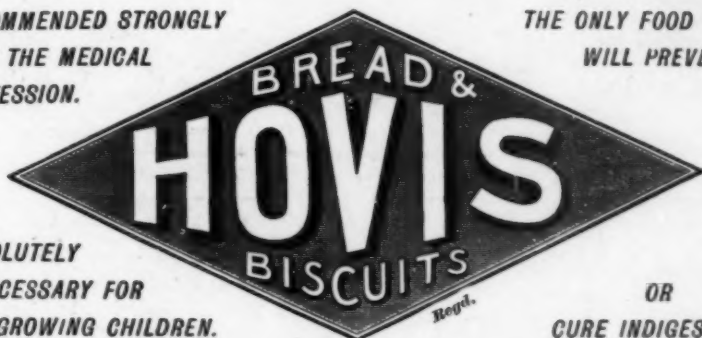
168. *Thyme.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our November Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss N. M. Joachim, 13, Airtie Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.; Miss L. Yeo, 17, Fore Street, Okehampton, Devon; C. E. Kaye, Woolston Lodge, Tarring Road, Worthing; O. H. Wagner, The Oaks, Upper Deal, Kent; W. S. Rowe, H.M.S. *Boscawen*, Portland, Dorset.

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